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Carmel Pine Cone

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Hoover, Caruthers, Road Bonds, Rodoes

Carmel Gets What She Wanted By Slamming in the Ballots

Carmel helped the landslide that elected Herbert Hoover; gave A. A. Caruthers enough votes to place him at the supervisorial table at Salinas representing the Fifth District; paid Ray C. De Yoe a very handsome compliment by stamping his lone name on the square of Assembly candidates hard and plenty; made it almost unanimous for the $4,000,000 road bond issue; said no to stopping rodeos, no to a ten-year state school board, and yes to the state park bonds.

We would have done a bit better had it not been for the flu. Doctors wouldn't allow flu patients to go to the polls and vote, and that held the vote down considerably. But, all in all, it was by long ways the biggest vote Carmel ever registered at the polls, and the biggest proportionate vote, except maybe that bitter zone-ordinance election.

A sample of the spirit that actuated Carmel Tuesday was shown by George S. Stone and his wife. They were in Hollywood, where Stone was registered. Mrs. Stone had registered here. Half the length of the state between their polling places.

Did that stop them voting? George Stone was waiting at his polling booth when it opened its doors at six a.m., Hollywood time. He stamped crosses here and there on the yellow ballot, leaped into his car, and the chase was on. At a few minutes past five, Mrs. George Stone walked lightly into a Carmel voting place and signed her name in the book.

William P. Silva swallowed a bitter pill and voted his first Republican ballot. He is from Georgia, where Republicans are scarcer than Democrats here. Today he is trying to explain why all the other Georgians voted for Smith, for his native state is conspicuously in that small group of electoral votes which will go to the New Yorker.

Was he a Scotchman who demanded a receipt when he handed in his ballot? The lady who followed him carried hers into the street, and a Carmel election judge had to follow her a block before he succeeded in persuading her to give it up. Perhaps he should have let her keep it, for later in the day she re-appeared at the booth saying she wished to change her vote.

The total vote of Carmel and its surrounding country by precincts, was as follows:

	Carmel Pcts. 1	2	3	Pt. Lobos
Hoover	216	126	215	285
Smith	85	28	85	53
Caruthers	193	111	206	191
Roberts	86	36	85	92
Road Bonds				
For	199	214	214	199
Against	43	63	53	30

PLAN TO PARK THE CITY BLOCK

Carmel's city council met Wednesday night with but one absentee, John B. Jordan, still in Europe. Councilman Wood was back from a southern trip, where he visited towns that are zoning and planning.

A request was made by Emma Otey, owner of lots 1 to 9 in block 38, Carmel City, asking for an investigation of the situation with the purpose of including block 38 in the business district when the new zoning ordinace is made. The block, now in the residence zone, is between Torres and Santa Fe, Third and Fourth streets. The request, on motion of Councilman Wood, was filed.

A complaint was made by the Monterey County Water Works as —to permits for excavating for services put in, and lelays caused, which was referred to the city clerk for answer.

The matter of surface drainage was discussed. Street Commissioner Gottfried with Superintendent Fraser, have made a survey, and new culverts and cleaning and repairing old culverts have been started in anticipation of winter rains. A permanent system to take care of storm waters was urged by Councilman Wood.

A place for the night policeman, where he could have uses of telephone and a chair to sit in, was settled by the Pine Cone's offer of its office on Dolores street.

J. A. Burge was appointed by Mayor Bonham to the place on the City Planning Commission made vacant by the resignation of Percy V. Wright, removed to Los Angeles.

Street Superintendent Fraser suggested the purchase of two or three wire waste baskets for use on the beach, hoping that picnickers would make use of them, as it seems impossible to keep the beach clean. Each basket would bear a sign stating its purpose.

Carr, on Mission street between 7th and 8th, asked permission to cut five trees to get into a garage he wants to build. The council will take a look at the situation before acting upon the request.

Mrs. James Hopper came before the council on behalf of the Carmel P.-T. Association, the Woman's Club and Abalone League being interested, to discuss the matter of planting and improving the city's block on Ocean avenue at Mission street, beautifying it and making it a resting place for the people. Mr. Wood was appointed to advise with the club members.

Reports of city officials were read and bills allowed for $2229.56, leaving a balance in the general fund of $11,273.72.

IN EL PASEO COURT—Drawing by Peggy Palmer

A Bushel of Chaff

By Hal Garrott

A unique city directory has been proposed for our city. If carried through Carmelites may be looked up by the names of their places. Under C we will find Cheerio, The Cookie Jar and so on. Such names as Green Gate, Wee House, Periwinkle, Sea Urchin, West Windows, will all appear in their proper places. One home with guest house dubbed Second Cabin, calls itself the Saloon! After house names will be given such minor information as the name of the occupant —and perhaps (though there is considerable debate about this)— the name of the street.

• •

Carmel's early residents and those who followed for quite a time, built humble cabins and communed with Nature. Those who come now build palaces, and God knows with whom they commune.

• •

Some say 'tis a dull season. Election year, no doubt. But Herbert Hoover will soon fix all that.

• •

Yes, there are chauffeurs and chauffeurs. One in the employ of a much be-jeweled dame asked Daisy Bostick early one morning, for the location of a house where a certain notorious character resided for a brief period. Daisy frowned, as do we all when that question is put. "I know just how you feel, lady," said the understanding chauffeur, but I'll lose my job if I don't find out. The madam made me drive her all the way from Salinas, because she's dead set on seeing that place."

Less understanding was the chauf whose employer presented him with a ticket to Hamlet. Asked what he thought of the star, he replied, "Very poor, sir. The old king was the best of the bunch. He was the only one that seemed to be acting!"

• •

Take notice everyone — Carmel has become international. Witness the cars that drive down Ocean avenue on the wrong side of the street. When you see one look for a foreign license. One yesterday wore a British Columbia tag. It's a natural blunder, considering that Europeans keep to the left, and a pardonable oversight in one fresh from foreign parts — unless Gus happens to be on the corner.

• •

A famous ace, commenting on our indifference to airplanes, insists that "Carmel has no rising generation."

• •

Mister Walker, a gentleman of polish, now shines on the south side of Ocean avenue in a glazed emporium. Like the sun, he intends to keep right on shining. "It pays," says he, pointing pridefully to three sons put through college.

• •

Fire Chief Leidig will do himself out of a job if we all follow his excellent example, and build only fireproof buildings.

• •

Living in Carmel does not necessarily make one a Carmelite. Most successful in expressing the Carmel spirit are the village dogs. These magnificent idlers, with their indifference to anything bordering on the serious, can only be distantly appoached by humans with low blood pressure. Next to dogs come old timers.

Perhaps the quickest and safest way for an outsider to "belong," is to follow the example of several of our clever newcomers. Select a building site, then leave plans and building as well as decorations and furniture to competent, thirty-two degree Carmelites. Leave town the moment the contract is let, and do not return until the job is finished. The result will be a home that differs in no material way from that of the most advanced native.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Hopkins, who tried this experiment, are in our midst again, about to occupy their beautiful home in La Loma. The furnishings by Rummelle, were selected in Europe last summer. The building is by M. J. Murphy.

• •

The patter of rain Friday night was the most intelligent patter heard in these parts in weeks. 'Tis a language both men and flowers understand.

Mr. K. K. Knight, professor of economy at the University of California, will lecture at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare, Ninth and Lincoln, November 9 at 8 p.m. Tickets are 50c. The public is invited.

With three new stores now going up, two to follow in the Leidig building, to say nothing of six in the proposed addition to Pine Inn, Carmel business district should be well supplied with attractive fronts.

• •

Some districts are proud of their production of cattle, others of their pigs and corn. For sheer class, Carmel Valley outdoes them all with its output of polo ponies. It is estimated that picturesque playground will soon be turning out enough of the clever little beasties to supply this world and the next and several of the lesser planets—for all the games that are likely to be played in a generation.

• •

There is only just so much room on the peninsula. Rocks and hills and valleys and beaches do not multiply as do the people who scramble over them. With Carmel full; Hatton Fields, La Loma, the valley, Del Monte, Pebble Beach filling fast, the sign may yet go up "Standing Room Only on the Peninsula."

• •

If the Grace Velie Metabolic Home is for the undernourished, as I've heard, that institution is likely to entertain more guests than it bargains for. Has the Home taken into consideration our large and growing population of authors?

• •

Perhaps the younger generation is not so terrible after all. Do you happen to recall your own pranks on Hallowe'en long ago? Are you the boy who stuffed gourds with soft mud and hurled them at a freshly painted house, and were horsewhipped by the owner for your pains? Maybe you are the lad who thrust a bean blower through a hole in the church window, and, in the midst of prayer meeting, bombarded the minister's head with beans—and instead of charging you with a horsewhip, the dominie merely called on the Lord to chastise you? Or did you steal ice cream from a freezer where they were giving a party, and eat it out of your hands as you fled down the alley—surprised when it was eaten to find out you had clean hands? Did you on the Fourth of July lift your hat to a lady, while with the other hand you discharged a horse pistol—repeating the performance until the entire neighborhood was a bedlam of screaming, hysterical women? Didn't you do it? No? Well, as the policeman on the block is retired and on a pension by this time, I'll confess. But just imagine the younger generation doing these things. No, they're not so terrible.

• •

The list of ranch owners in the Carmel Valley reads like a page out of the Social Register, and a whole chapter in Dun and Bradstreets.

No wonder artists and writers flock to the peninsula. Where else can they find such contrasts. The author may choose his characters from an endless list of types—from just think what it must mean to Pacific Grove to Monterey's Spanish and Portuguese fishermen colorfully plying their trade. There's the old Spanish influence with rich historical background. Cabrillo's landing in the early fifteen hundreds, the mission, and what not! And then Carmel, offering examples of every pursuit from prize fighting and knitting to fancy dancing. And if this is a paradise to writers, painters! For the peninsula's natural beauties are every whit as varied as its human beings—and a whole lot better looking.

ANOTHER PINE FELLED

A large sedan being driven by Mrs. M. Lopez, 213 Ocean avenue, Monterey, was badly wrecked last Sunday when it struck and felled a small pine tree at the side of the highway near the Carmel city limits. The car was about to make the last turn before entering Carmel when it swerved to the right and crashed into the tree. The tree fell, leaving the radiator of the machine wedged between the stump of the tree and the fence that borders the canyon. There were six members of the Lopez family present, including a small child. Mrs. Lopez suffered a slight cut on the lip. None of the other five occupants was injured.

CHIEF ILL WITH FLU

The numerous citizens who endeavored to right many wrongs by clamoring to Gus Englund's office last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, were confronted by a sign CHIEF OF POLICE—Closed On Account Of Illness. Gus was confined to his home for a few days with a touch of the flu. His friends were glad to see him back on the job Monday.

MONTEREY HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The football game with Hollister was won by Monterey 19-6 on Saturday, November 3. The game was most interesting and there was a thrill for every minute. Hollister made the first score, then Monterey tied and climbed steadily to the final score.

A post-game party was held by Bill Heron at his home in Carmel last Saturday evening. Among those who enjoyed Bill's hospitality were Jane Lawlor, Lois Love, Jean McCarthy, Sis Reamer, Clyde Klaumann, Francis Sparolini, Tiny Pearson and Margenette Meldrim.

Mr. Darling of the Science department is back this week after being ill with the "flu."

Wednesday, Mr. Harold Terwilliger spoke to the assembly on First Aid to the Injured. Mr. Terwilliger demonstrated artificial respiration and bandaging. His talk was extremely interesting and was enjoyed by the whole assembly.

Miss Chakurian led the assembly in a new football song written by Bill Heron, yell leader. It was set to the tune of the song "My Maryland" and was much appreciated by the assembly as was shown by the calls for Mr. Heron. Bill said he hoped that the whole Student Body would turn out for the game with Hollister.

The girls are becoming more and more enthusiastic every day about archery and some are becoming excellent bowmen.

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At The Harrison Library

What do people read?

We wandered into the Harrison Memorial Library and sitting down beside an old man who was reading a newspaper, asked him that question. Perhaps he looked a bit philosophical, or our reason for putting the question to him might have been because, he being a frequent visitor at the library, we thought he should know.

"What do people read?" he mused, "well, to begin with, there are so many kind of books."

"And so many types of people," we added.

"Thats' just it!" beamed the old man, "you've hit the nail on the head. Now for instance take that young man across from us."

At the opposite side of the table sat a good looking boy of nineteen or twenty, his shock of glistening black hair much rumpled by nervous fingers each time the leaves of his book were turned.

"It's easy to see," said our informant, "that he is reading a love story. Romance! That's what they want at his age!"

"We suppose," we said. "Now how about that very intellectual looking little lady with the white hair? She doesn't take her eyes from the pages of her book."

"Why, you know as well as I that she is reading up some data for the Woman's Club," assured the wise old gentleman.

We were a bit skeptical and made up our mind to check up.

"Wait," said the old man. "Do you see that studious man to the right of you? Who can deny that he is pursuing some vital point in a volume of law? And the young girls. Here is a roomful of them, and I'll guarantee not one in the whole crowd but what is at this moment pouring over the pages of the most modern fiction."

The old man gave us a jerky little nod as much as to say he knew what he was talking about!

"Yes," we said, "we understand some bold statement was once made, by a man of course, to the effect that the American flappers read nothing but the merest trash. If 'tis so they surely are not ashamed of the fact. When we were that age with no bobbed hair or freedom skirts we blushed over 'Lady Brandon's Secret Marriage,' in the umbrella closet with the key turned."

"And the young boys—" concluded the old man as he folded up his newspaper.

"Yes, we know what the boys read," we retorted and started toward one to see just what they did read. We walked about pretending to choose a book for ourself but kept our weather eye on others' uages until we got the information we were there for.

Closing time was all that saved our philosophic friend from an argument for this is what we discovered: The romantic youth with the rumpled hair was enjoying a book about birds, the intellectual looking white haired lady was giving her undivided attention to a book entitled "Adam's Garden;" the student was dissecting Mrs. Blimp's Cook Book and the youngest appearing flapper was devouring Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe."

But there wasn't a boy in the place who was not lost in the throes of an honest to goodness boy's book.

Aside from the boys, we ask you —what DO people read?

MYSTERIOUS DRIVER IN NEAR TRAGEDY

A Hallowe'en prank which was much too drastic to be funny was perpetrated on the corner of Dolores and First streets. Pieces of building material and boxes were taken from the new house on that corner and piled perilously across the road. A car coming down the road from Forest Hill way had to be swerved into the soft dirt beside the road to avoid crashing with the obstruction. The driver said that he suuposed the barrier had been built by children who did not realize the danger involved. He refused to give his name.

NEW SCOUTS TAKE TENDERFOOT TEST

The Boy Scouts met Thursday, October 29. Mr. Normand took the new boys and helped them with their "tenderfoot" test. Some of the older boys practiced signalling and first aid with the younger boys. Glenn Campbell was appointed secretary and treasurer. The meeting night was changed from Monday to Tuesday night.

George Dorwart.

RED CROSS ELECTION

The Carmel chapter of Red Cross held its annual meeting at the city hall on Wednesday, October 24. The business transacted included the continuance of supplying milk to the school children at Sunset school and also the life saving classes next spring.

The following directors were elected to fill expired terms: Mrs. Calvert Meade, Mrs. Ralph Skene, Mrs. W. J. Kingsland, Peter Taylor, Mrs. Wilson Davidson. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Chairman, Mrs. Calvert Meade; vice chairman, Mrs. James Gray; treasurer, Peter Taylor; secretary, Miss Etta Paul.

SCHOOL HOLDS POLL

November 6 was Election Day for Sunset school also. Great interest was taken by the pupils and excitement reigned everywhere. Hoover was elected throughout the school by a large majority.

In the eighth grade the results were as follows:

Herbert Hoover 20.

Alfred Smith 5.

George Dorwart was inspector; Glenn Campbell and Reed Schrapps were judges and Ada Whiffin and Garth Jeffers were clerks. Thomas Harbolt was county clerk and appointed the election board. He also saw that the supplies were ready for the polls.

In the seventh grade Hoover received ten votes and Alfred Smith three.

In the sixth grade Mr. Hoover received twenty-one votes and Mr. Smith received four.

In the fourth and fifth grades Mr. Hoover got seventeen votes and Mr. Smith none. The amendments mostly carried.

The children now think they know everything about voting but they still have plenty to learn.

The small number of votes cast was due to the poor attendance at school on account of illness.—Mollie Darling.

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADE PARTY

The fourth and fifth grades had a Hallowe'en party in the auditorium beginning at 1:30 and endingat 3:30 on Wednesday, October 31, 1928.

They first played "Flying Dutchman" then "Shoemaker" and "Bird, Beast and Fish," ending with a trick. The guests were Miss Smith, Miss Wallace, Miss Ayer. After the games they sat down with paper napkins and ate apples, cookies and candy. It was a very nice party.—Jean Spence.

Mrs. W. L. Koch and son, Dick, of the Point, have returned from a few days' visit with relatives in San Diego. They motored both ways.

NOVEMBER SALE

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Among The Artists

LIMITED EDITION OF ROBINSON JEFFERS

The Book Club of California was founded in 1913. It is conducted on a non-commercial, non-profit basis. It fosters the study of letters and the arts pertaining to the production of unusual books. It issues, for its members only, two or three volumes each year, in limited editions. These are usually printed from hand-set type on hand-made paper, according to the best modern standards of bookmaking.

The latest of its publications, which has just been issued, is a volume of poems by Robinson Jeffers. There are two reasons why this book deserves more than the somewhat casual attention usually given to a volume of poetry. In the first place, Robinson Jeffers is easily the outstanding poet of the West, and the appearance of a collection of his work is, therefore, a literary event of genuine importance. The other reason why the book merits more than average notice is because of its distinguished typography. Edwin Grabhorn, who designed and printed the volume, occupies in his own field a position comparable to that of Jeffers in the field of poetry, and the association of the two has resulted in a product of outstanding excellence.

About half the volume is made up of selections from Jeffers' previously published works and includes such well-known poems as "Night," "Shine, Perishing Republic," and the "Prelude" from "The Women at Point Sur." Among the new material is "The Woman on Cathaeron," "Hurt Hawks," and "Winter Sundown," a tribute to George Sterling.

This latest of Robinson Jeffers' books is issued in a limited edition of 310 copies, signed by the author and for sale only to members of The Book Club of California. B. H. Lehman of the University of California has contributed a discerning and pertinent introduction. The frontispiece is a photographic study of Jeffers by Ansel F. Adams. —The Argus.

FRIEDRICHSEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Peter Friedrichsen is now in charge of the workshop of the Rudolph Schaeffer Studios in San Francisco—and is at present at work on the decorations for the Junior League Fair to be held this month at the Fairmont Hotel.

The Rudolph Schaeffer Studios represent the center of the modern movement in San Francisco. The New Music Society, under the direction of Henry Cowell, holds its meetings and concerts there, and such artists as Ann Mundstock, the German dancer of the new age who danced here last winter with the showing of Metropolis at the Golden Bough, teaches and gives recitals at the studios.

For the benefit of Peter's friends in Carmel, who sometimes go to the big city, the Schaeffer studios are on St. Anne street, facing St. Mary's Park, and just one-half block from Chinatown.

During the entire month of November, you may choose unusual gifts, greatly reduced, at Tilly Polak, Inc.

SAN JOSE SHOW

We happened in an an exhibition of Modern Art being shown last week at the State Teachers College at San Jose. Several Carmel people have seen the same show in San Francisco at Hale Brothers, under whose auspices it is being shown and sent to other cities of the vicinity.

Hale Brothers believes that in showing modern are both ine and applied, that the people will come to realize that there is economy, beauty, good taste, and solid practicability in the all-modern expression.

Among the artists whose works are showing in the fine arts section of the exhibition are many well known to Carmel, among them being Ray Boynton, John Emmet Gerrity, Heirietta Shore, and Ralph Stackpole.

The Hale Brothers Exhibition owes much to the cooperation of such men as Rudolph Schaeffer, Lee Randolph and other art patrons of the Bay City.

ILLUSTRATOR OPENS STUDIO IN CARMEL

Henry Raleigh, internationally know artist, has moved into one of the Golden Bough studios, where he will work during the winter months. Raleigh is a magazine illustrator and his work is well known by readers of the Red Book, Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan and many other publications. At present he is illustrating Jesse Lynch Williams' latest novel which will appear in serial form early in the spring. He is also working on drawings for a Robert Chambers story of New York in the days of the Revolution. Raleigh recently returned from New York and has purchased the Judge Kinsell home in Monterey.

FRANZ LUDWIG'S MUSICAL DIGEST

By Thomas Vincent Cator

If you have ever attended the services in a synagogue, and listened to the Cantor intoning the canticles, psalms, etc., you have doubtless been curious as to the origin of the Hebrew music which is so characteristic of the race.

A glance at the history of the Hebrews will show that they touched the sources of early civilization. Abraham was a resident, according to the Bible story, of Ur in the land of the Chaldees, where a considerable civilization had been attained. From here he went to Canaan, thence to Egypt, and back again to the country east of the Red Sea. When his descendents went to Egypt they must have carried with them Syrian music and instruments, doubtless preserving a trace of Chaldean influence. It was during the four centuries' sojourn in Egypt that the Hebrews, though for a time enslaved, gained the proportions of a nation. As their duties placed them in close relation to their masters, they gained considerable of the Egyptian science, literature, customs, etc. At that time musicians were slaves, and tradition says that Miriam, the sister of Moses, was a slave dancing-girl and singer. We know that Moses was instructed in the learning of the Egyptian priesthood, and in that capacity officiated in some of the functions of the temple services. Such facts as these go far to justify the idea that the Hebrew gained their fundamental notions of music and musical instruments during their long sojourn in Egypt. Some writers claim that the songs of the Hebrews were adapted to Egyptian chants. The pastoral life led by the descendents of Abraham, the period of slavery which the Hebrews suffered in Egypt, and the subsequent migratory life in the wilderness were not conducive to the development of a people's song. The life in Palestine for many years was a strenuous one; and then came another period of slavery among the Assyrians, by which the Hebrew ideas were again modified.

The Hebrews were an intensely religious people, the code delivered to them by Moses fixing the status of music up to the time of the pleasure-loving Solomon. Their music, in distinction from that of the nations around them, was not sensuous but a true "musica sacra," in this respect more a matter of religion than of art. During the reign of David, the Levites were organized as the singers for the Temple services. Music and poetry were the chief subjects of instruction. David himself composed many of the tunes to which his Psalms were sung.

The key to the music of the Hebrews is their poetry. They grew to numbers under the most adverse circumstances, and developed a temperament indifferent to environment and elevated to high spiritual aspiration, making them an intensely religious people, whose life was little softened by artistic practice. The effect of the injunction against making "graven images," as given them in the code of Moses, was to cut them off from the exercise of the esthetic faculty in sculpture and painting; their unsettled mode of life prevented outlet in architecture. So they poured out the whole strength of their passionate, powerful natures in poetry and song. The most striking characteristic of the Hebrew poetry is the parallelism of the phrases, each sentence or complete thought being made up of two similar or contrasted thoughts, and the accompanying music must have had the same character. The following from the Psalms shows this feature:

"Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication."

"I will not give sleep to my eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids."

When the great choirs of men singers were organized for the Temple services, this parallelism brought about the division into two bodies, who sang alternately, a practice in use today in certain churches with ritualistic services, and known as antiphonal singing.

It is unfortunate that we have no reason to believe that the hymns in use in the Jewish synagogues today are sung to the tunes of thousands of years ago, even if modified. In the various countries of Europe, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, the airs are quite different, suggesting that tradition has failed to deliver anything that can be traced to the days of the poet-king

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of Israel. Some authorities find in the Gregorian chants traces of Hebrew melodies which came down from the early Christians of Jewish birth and training. Clement of Alexandria says that their songs were earnest and dignified; there must have been some special character in them as shown by the command of the Babylonians, "Sing us the songs of Zion." One very strong effect the Hebrews have had upon the history of music arises from the enduring impress the works of the Psalmist and other portions of the Scriptures have made upon the music of all Christian churches.

The writer thinks it more than probable that the early Catholic church music was influenced by the Hebrew music of the Roman period at least. Most all of the very first Christians were Jews. Christ's disciples were Jews and must have been familiar with the Hebrew hymns, and very likely used them in the early secret gatherings. If this is the case, some of the tunes doubtless traveled to Rome with the converts.

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DENE DENNY IN MODERN PROGRAM AT THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Carmel is to hear Dene Denny in concert, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, on Sunday afternoon, November 18. The program will be the same as that given in San Francisco on Monday morning, November 12, when Miss Denny will open the Ida Gregory Scott Fortnightlies in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel.

Dene Denny is known as an "ultra modernist," who has definitely allied herself with the new movement in art, and who has made an intensive study of the new music. She has a right to be heard, which is the language of today.

The program is made up of compositions by many of the great contemporary writers of music. Some of the works to be given will be new to the audience in San Francisco. Among them will be Ernest Bloch's little-played Sketches in Sepia, Stravinsky's brilliant Chey Pretrouchka, heard for the first time on the coast, and Mompon's Cancc Dansa which is a theme based on old arts in modern dress. There will be numbers by Bartok, Kodaly, Marion Bauer, Hindemith, Ornstein, Schoenberg, Honegger and Weisshaus.

For those who have not heard a Denny concert or the fragment of one, the coming concert signifies an anticipated treat. Carmelites who have not heard modern music as interpreted by an artist of Miss Denny's ability and spirit, will do well to go to the Golden Bough on the 18th of November and find an answer to their possible curiosity and doubt regarding the beauty to be found in the expression of the time.

It is of interest to read the remarks of city critics after having listened to the Denny concert last year. Cora Winchell of the Musical Review said, "Miss Denny was firm, composed and earnest, with a personality commanding respect for its intellectual grasp . . ."

Alfred Metzger in the Chronicle wrote of Miss Denny " . . . she is unquestionably master of her particular style of musical expression."

Quoting from Redfern Mason in The Examiner, "Miss Denny is an excellent pianist . . . there were many beautiful movements in the music she played for us last night."

Charles Woodman in the Call and Post said, "She played with sincerity and conviction, and truly and faithfully represented the composers she represented."

Thomas Vincent Cator wrote for the Pine Cone last year, "In everything she does—in every note she touches upon the keyboard—there is that subtle something which brings to one's consciousness the sense of being in the presence of a being whose faith is a supreme and dynamic force. Dene Denny is also an artist. She plays with adequate technic and with a comprehensive feeling for the value that is both impressive and eloquent."

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REAL ESTATE MEN GO TO SCHOOL AGAIN

The Educational program of the Monterey Peninsula Realty Board, in the hands of Peter Mawdsley, local realtor, as chairman, has met with enthusiastic local response and resulted in the formation of classes in both the general and appraisals course.

These courses are part of the policy of the State Real Estate Association—representing the organized real estate brokers and salesmen—to improve the general condition of the real estate business by imparting exact knowledge of the principles and practice of real estate. They are issued by the University of Southern California in cooperation with the state association and are open to the public.

About thirty enrolled for the general course, and as the majority of the students are from Carmel the classes will be held here and will meet at the new Parish Hall on Monte Verde street every Monday night at 7 o'clock. The course consists of 26 lessons and will occupy the whole of the winter season.

Twelve students have registered for the Appraisals Course, the classes for which will be held on Friday nights in Monterey, beginning tonight.

The class leader, Peter Mawdsley, is an enthusiastic worker for the betterment of real estate conditions through the policies of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and its constituent state and local boards, and urges the interest and cooperation of the general public as well as those engaged in the real estate business.

Enrollments can still be made and further information will be furnished by Mr. Mawdsley on request.

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION HOLDS NEW EXHIBIT

The Carmel Art association has made a new departure in their present show, which opened Saturday afternoon at the gallery on Lincoln street. The pictures are all small canvasses, and the avowed purpose of the association is to encourage the selling of pictures for Christmas presents. The new budget plan is in operation for this show, whereby a small down payment and the paying of stated sums per month bring any picture into the possession of those who perhaps would not otherwise buy pictures. It is an interesting experiment which the association is making and its progress will be watched with much interest by painters elsewhere as well as on the peninsula.

The present show is an interesting one, with a particularly high level, considering especially the fact that it is unjuried and the small size of all canvasses exhibited. The pictures have never been hung to better advantage, and the general effect is excellent. It is too bad that more painters are not represented, there being several peninsula artists whose work one would like to ee on the gallery walls. In addition to the collection of oils hung, there is a fine group of etchings in the foyer of the gallery.

This show will last from now until Christmas, and it is urged that peninsula people go and view it. The gallery is free now of tourists, and one has an opportunity to become acquainted with the excellent work the local men are doing.

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THE THEATRE of the GOLDEN BOUGH

Friday, Nov. 9th
"Diamond Handcuffs"
Eleanor Boardman
Conrad Nagel

Saturday, Nov. 10th
"Detectives"
Karl Dane
Geo. K. Arthur

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 11 and 12
"THE SCARLET LADY"
Lya de Putti — Don Alvarado — Warner Oland

Tuesday, Nov. 13th
"Lovelorn"
By Beatrice Fairfax
with Sally O'Neil

Wed. and Thurs. Nov. 14 and 15
Gloria Swanson in
"Sadie Thompson"
Story by
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Mission Bells

By Hal Garrott

Have the bells of Carmel Mission ever tolled for you alone? No? Then there is a thrill you have not tasted.

This is the way it happened. Philip Fernando—let us call him, though that is not his name—soft eyed and soft lipped custodian, in his musically broken English had just been telling of his love for the old mission. "Passion," I think was the word he used, though I could not be sure.

If his words were sometimes difficult to catch, the feeling beneath them never wavered. It was easy to see that the one great passion of Philip's life—his all-absorbing devotion—is the memory of Father Junipero Serra and Carmel Mission.

Lovingly he told of the old days. The little five-year old girl the Indians had kidnapped, then burned. How the good father sought until he found the bones and reverently bore them to the church for interment in holy ground—the mission's first burial. Perhaps it was the deed of an outraged savage, outraged at the use the fathers are said to have made of the ancient Indian burial ground.

For centuries, it seems, the natives had been in the habit of burying their dead in graves filled with abalone shells, supposedly for the purpose of preservation. In his search for mortar with which to build the mission, the father had obtained grudging permission to use the rich soil of the cemetery, after promising to bury the bones—all that was left of the deceased—in the church. The rich lime composed of decomposed generations of Indians and abalones still holds together the foundation stones. The completed mission Father Serra did not live to see.

At first there were two big pigs. It is all written out in Spanish in the neat hand of the fathers, and exhibited in the chapel where all who care to may see it. The date is 1774. Time has faded the ink, but not impaired the legibility. The diary tells how the two big pigs soon possessed a thriving family of seventeen. Then, alas, two were lost. Just imagine the rejoicing when they were found and returned to the fold! All of which the journal faithfully records.

The translator read on. I learned how wheat was sown, but no crop resulted. There were too many roots, too many growing things, the soil of California had been fertile too long before the fathers arrived, and needed clearing. There were meagre years. Even a frost in July that killed the corn! Philip Fernando placed his finger on the written words for proof. But in the end they were blessed with abundant crops.

"But how is it now?" I asked. "How do you like showing the visitors around?"

Philip made a wry face and shrugged his shoulders. "Though I love the mission and the father forever—still, my passion is not what it was. I am getting tired. Too many—what you call 'em—rough necks come here. I cannot refuse to show them the mission. They are well dressed and carry long fat purses—but they do not listen, they do not understand. The mission means nothing to them."

Unconsciously Philip's soft tones, his almost unintelligible mixture of Spanish and (perhaps) English, communicated to me the mood and atmosphere of the old mission. The benevolent enslavement of the Indians. The devout, building fathers. I saw the natives struggling under their burdens of rock and timber. I saw red skin man and wife chained together until they could agree, for thus the padres dealt with matrimonial infelicity. Divorces were not in fashion then. I saw the mystified kneeling savages. The mild, firm, austere fathers directing all, bending native wills to the will of God. And I saw the rich store house of the later, prosperous years—the harvest of grain coming after hardship and hunger.

Philip Fernando was smiling at me. We understood each other. As I strolled thoughtfully along the road the mission bells began to toll. Turning I caught sight of Philip in the belfrey, nodding to me as he pulled the ropes. He was bidding me adieu in this graceful fashion. The blood of old Spain had been resurrected to bid me a gracious farewell.

HOME COMING

By Hal Garrott

After six thousand miles of driving, there and back, one wonders who will be the first to greet him on his return to Ocean avenue. With me it was Peter Navas Rey. At the very first whiff, he left his group of playmates to welcome me back. He embraced me right before everybody. He kissed my hands—a trick he had learned from a French poodle.

It was soon evident he had something very special to communicate, though he was too polite to cease saying how-do-you-do too abruptly. And as no one else appeared to greet me, Peter felt it incumbent on him to make up for the lack. He did a good job, then felt free to mention his personal affairs.

As usual it was easy to catch his meaning. All at once his stubby tail confronted me, tapping against my leg. In case there might still be some doubt in my mind, he turned his head, pointing his kindly, smiling nose to the very spot.

I need no such prompting. I knew the place by heart. Many a time and oft have I rubbed and scratched it for Peter. His gratitude was embarrassing. Regretfully we parted. But I am positive when his mistress reads this she will hold it up for Peter to see. And I am equally positive he will read it through with as much relish as any two-legged being whose name ever appeared in the Pine Cone.

Town after town we rolled through, on our three thousand mile drive across country. All were alike as peas. Their only point of difference was the name on the railway station. Seligman, Williams, Beatrice, Grand Island — a difference only in name.

The same Grecian bank, the same Noah's Ark church looked down on us from all. The same groups were in the street, the same dress, manner, speech. A glance through the window told what was being said in the barber shop. Manufactured and pre-digested opinions of Herb and Al. It made no difference what town, county, state, section, or how vociferously expressed, the opinions were always the same. So about crops, weather, trade. Indeed, if it were not for the name on the station platform, one might readily believe himself in the same town for thousands and thousands of miles.

They may think us queer in Carmal—but what would happen in Podunk if a young lady in green knickers were to sail down the main street belching cigarette smoke like a factory chimney! What would happen if a bathing beauty, unable to find her way home, were to dodge dripping across patios, over walls, peeping into windows in the dusk to learn what neighborhood she was in! What would happen if a prominent citizen chose to cover his body with overalls and jumper, and his throat with Parisian neckwear in the folds of which a turquois brooch reposes!

What would happen in Poduk is too awful to speculate on. What has happened in Carmel is less than nothing. It requires more than such amateurish eccentricities to attract even a casual glance.

LAMPSHADE STUDIO OPENS

Another studio opened today—a Lamp Shade Studio this time—and it is located around the corner from the Golden Bough on Monte Verde street, and is part of Elspeth Rose's Corner Cupboard.

Lamps and their shades need room and a home atmosphere if they are to be shown to advantage, so Miss Rose has used her long living room for a show room, and there she has lamps of many and charming variety, suitable for every room and taste. She makes her own shades there in the studio, and has a way of studying each piece of work and making it a thing unique and perfect.

Wrought iron and Watts pottery standards—shades of goat-skin, parchment, raffia and tapa-cloth—designs modernistic and period—all colors and exquisite workmanship sum up the Rose Lampshades which are now being shown in their new studio, which is part of the Corner Cupboard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton C. Schaff of San Francisco are spending the month of November in "The Lookout" cottage on Casa Nova street. Mr. Schaff, an expert accountant, is busy at present auditing books for several Carmel firms.

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The Matoor Mind

By Peggy Palmer

Well, the other day I was up at the Art Gallery consulting Miss Smitt about a job, and Miss Smitt suggested I should go and pose for Mister Henry Raleigh, because it seems he has been serching all over for a Model of my tipe.

Of course I was thrilled to peeces at this point, because Mister Raleigh is probly without a doubt the greatest Magazine illustrator in Amerika! In fack, when I was in Art Skool the teachers used to rave about how wonderful he is until I acktuly thought I would go insane or somthing!

So natrally I was awfully intreeged, and I knew Mister Raleigh would be intreeged too, because its very hard to find a Model who is reely inteligent besides being bewtiful!

Anyways, I went home and telefoned Mister Raleigh, and right away he asked me if I have had any Experience. So I sed, Why I should say I have had Experience! Why I have a collecktion of Fraternity pins that is positively dazzling. And you know, Mister Raleigh a young girl learns a lot about Life collecking Fraternity pins!

Then Mister Raleigh sed What on erth are you jabbering about? And I sed well reelly, Mister Raleigh, I do not see how you expeck a girl to explain about her Experience

Papa says I was an awfully pretty Baby, and the naybors used to come for miles around to look at me! They didn't know what it was!

when you keep interrupting every two minits! Now as I was saying, I have been before the Publick ever sinse I was a Mellon's Food Baby at the age of three months! Then I won a blue ribbon at the County Fair in the Bigger and Better Baby contest, and after that—

Well, at this point Mister Raleigh interrupted again, and he sed he did not seem to think I was exackly the tipe to be a Model, because he wants a girl of the Latin tipe! And besides, he sed I was probly so bewtiful that he would eether forget how to draw or else he would lose his Persnality completely!

Then I heard this qweer noise on the telefone and I gess Mister Raleigh's line was out of order because I could not seem to get any anser!

Anyway, I desided I would surprise Mister Raleigh by posing as the Latin tipe, so I borrowed this cute Spanish shawl from Tilly Pollack, and after I got all dressed up in it I looked qwite a lot like Senorita Enchiladi or somthing!

When I got over to Mister Raleigh's why this large colored lady opened the door, and she told me pleese to wait in the Studio, because Mister Raleigh was out in the kitchen washing a cat!

Well, I was acktuly astownded when I seen this Studio, because I expected to see large bowls of incense and at least one tiger skin rug, and I did not see anything exsept a lot of Anteek furniture and some funny looking pictures by a gentleman named Whistler!

Then there was another funny looking picture over in the corner, and just as I was standing on one ear trying to deside what it was, why the door opened and Mister Raleigh came in! And I gess he was qwite intreeged by my Spanish tipe, because he sed Ye Gods, what are you advertising?

So I sed, Oh, I'm not in the Advertising busness! I'm meerly maskerading as a Raviola!

Well it seems that besides being terribly fasinating to look at, Mister Raleigh also has some sense of humor, because he started to laugh at this point, and when he got all thru laughing he-sed, I see you were admiring my portrait! Its a Rembrant, so I gess it ought to be good!

Well reely, Mister Raleigh, I sed, I don't think its so very good. You just ought to see Mrs. Haneek's portrait of Hoover! I expeck its so good Mister Smith will want to keep it hanging in the White House for the next four yeers!

Then Mister Raleigh sed, I have changed my mind about you, that is I have desided to let you pose for the Herowin in this story I am illustrating! Thats Jessie Lynch Williams new story!

After that I sat down on an Anteek chair and pretended to look dum, and Mister Raleigh began

After I got all dressed up in this Spanish Shawl I looked qwite a lot like Ramona!

drawing with a large peece of Charcole. And I sed, Well I gess I ought to be a wonderful model, on account of being before the Publick so long and all! For instance, last yeer I was cleckted the prettiest girl in Petaluma at the Eagle's Convention, and only the other day I could have been Miss Pacifick Grove, only that girl from Holman's had a drag with the judges!

Well at this point Mister Raleigh stopped drawing and he asked me pleese to keep my mouth shut. And I sed Well reely, Mister Raleigh, I do not see how you expeck a young girl to talk with her mouth shut, because no matter how inteligent she is, she could not do that unless she happined to be a Ventrilliqwist or somthing! And I was just going to tell Mister Raleigh about how my Unkle Wilmot could make his voice come out of a Rabbit, when the door opened and it was this perfeckly darling red headed girl!

Then Mister Raleigh sed he would like to introduce his wife, and besides being his wife why she is posing for the Herowin in Mister Williams story! Then I sed Why I was under the impression that I was this Model, and Mister Raleigh sed Well you are, that is you are posing for the first six chapters. Because in the first six chapters the Herowin is qwite plain, in fack she is acktuly homely with a large nose and practickly no chin! But in the seventh chapter she inherits some money and has her face lifted!

Well at this point I got awfully annoyed and went home, and I have desided that I do not think Mister Raleigh is a very good Artist after all! Because he does not appreciate bewty. Anyway, my mother says I was an awfully pretty baby, and papa says the neighbors used to flock from miles around just to look at me. They didn't know what it was!

ARMISTICE DAY SERVICES

This year Armistice Day falls on Sunday, and commemorative services will be held at All Saints Church, Rev. Austin B. Chinn presiding. Similar services will be conducted simultaneously throughout the country.

Dr. Preston W. Search, international educator and lecturer, will speak. Special music has been provided, and a general program supplied by the National Council for the Prevention of War will be observed here and elsewhere. The public is invited to attend All Saints Church on Sunday, Nov. 11, at eleven a.m.

FIRST GRADE PARTY

On Tuesday, October 30, the first grade of the Sunset school had a Hallowe'en party for their mothers, from ten until eleven. The children had great fun in planning the party, making the invitations, decorations, and deciding on games and refreshments. Apples and doughnuts won, much to the delight of the children. And of course everyone came in costume to frighten everyone else.—Virginia Hastings.

USING THE CAR AS A LUMBER TRUCK

Not that you ever would do such a thing. This is merely by way of warning.

For no matter how you swath the boards in quilts, and tie the ropes so they do not touch the Duco, behold when you arrive at your journey's end somehow all your vain precautions rise to twit you, and you have thenceforth along the sides and fenders of your machine scars which while they speak of honest service in a worthy cause cannot be said to augment the beauty of the family carry-all.

A word from One-Who-Knows: buy for $20 a second-hand trailer. It will solve all your transportation difficulties and you can haul more at a time, saving the gas of extra trips. No, we have not one for sale nor do we know of anyone at the moment who has. Applicants please step forward. Apply Box 5839216, PINE CONE.

Anyway, you have the advice. You'll remember it next time you are loading up the car with lumber and assuring Herself that no, it Can't Possibly Scratch. Oh YOU'LL REMEMBER! She'll see to that—afterward.

Work on the Grace Velie Metabolic Home in the old Hatton meadow is to begin at once. Building and grounds will occupy four acres, just north of the county road. The structure, of pleasing design and fireproof throughout, is by San Francisco architects. It is estimated six months will be required to complete it. The home will accommodate twenty guests. Dr. R. A. Kocher is to be the directing physician.

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LIGHT ON SUBJECTS, DEEP IN DOUBT

NOT PURITAN — BUT DRY

Carmel showed its temper again last Tuesday when it slammed the ballots into the box to carry through the things that it believes in and stands for. The issues of the national campaign held an especial interest for this village, which long before the Volstead Act was a political possibility, had determined that Carmel should be, and remain forever, dry. The Eighteenth Amendment took more of the electorate of Carmel to the polls Tuesday than ever voted at the fiercest city fight, and by more than two to one, they signified approval of the prohibition of all intoxicants.

This isn't Puritanism, either, as is evidenced by the heavy vote here against the anti-rodeo measure, and the repeal of the present state boxing and wrestling law. The same people who uphold rigid enforcement of the Volstead and Wright Acts, are against closing up the rough and rugged amusements of the excitement lovers.

Major A. A. Caruthers, with 510 Carmel votes to his opponent's 206, needed them to win the Fifth District's supervisorship. Monterey, Seaside, Palo Colorado and Tularcitos had given Dr. John L. D. Roberts a lead of 500. True, Pacific Grove cut this down a couple of hundred, but without Carmel's city and environs strongly upholding Caruthers, the result would have been different.

Which fight was another one of a distincely Carmelish kind. Dr. Roberts' way of looking at things, and of doing things, was diametrically opposed to the village idea. Not so much a vote for Caruthers as of protest against the Roberts' methods, Carmel did what it has twice before done on this Peninsula, once in the case of the High School bonds, again when it made Dr. Sandholdt a trustee of the High School district, stood solidly together for its ideals.

We are learning that there is a means of preventing having things done to us by outside authority, things we disapprove of, and resent. We are now a factor in the balloting on election day, hold the balance of power on the Peninsula, and are of importance in the county. Which means that we will take part in the planning of such things as highways from and to our town, the straightening out of their curves, and the cutting down of their grades. It means that the policy of considering beauty as well as utility can now be extended beyond the city limits and include our approaches.

INTRODUCING HAL GARROTT

Hal Garrott, recent Carmelite but of us by nature and through a long visit here, is now connected with the Pine Cone in an editorial capacity, and already has taken off his coat for the work of bettering the paper, and keeping Carmel simple and distinctive. Garrott is a writer by trade, having several books to his credit, and has done newspaper work before in Minneapolis.

He is also a business man, the former head of a large manufacturing plant in Minnesota. He understands the commercial side of things, and will make a study of the peculiar conditions in business here. He will probably drop in on you at your store or shop, and talk over matters, getting your viewpoint.

Do not dodge him. Our advertising manager is Mr. Bob Merserеau, whom you're getting used to seeing—and dodging. Mr. Garrott isn't soliciting, or trying to sell you even so much as an idea. His mission is to get the Pine Cone as closely in accord with the people who are its readers and supporters as can be done. He wants to hear what you have to say in criticism of your paper, and your suggestion for its betterment. And he does it almost shyly.

Mr. Garrott believes firmly in the idea that Carmel should retain its charter as a village of personality. Will he still believe it after interviewing our business men? We shall find out.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 10, 1915.
Published Weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Co.
Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879
Subscription rates: One year, $2, Six months, $1.25; Three months, 65c.
The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.
PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

REWARD

By ZUELLA STERLING

(In "Troubadour")

If I could rend the sun from out the sky
And weave a garment of its golden light—
If I could snatch the stars that beam on high,
And leave but darkness for the seraphs' flight—
If I could pulverize the harvest moon
To make on earth a phosphorescent trail,
Or hurl the glowing grains in some monsoon
Like sparks of fire driven through a gale:
Then you should wear the raiment of the sun;
And you should dwell in castles built of stars;
On jeweled moon-dust you should lightly run,
Or catch it, wind blown, in translucent jars;
If I could know your fickle heart were true
I would purloin the firmament for you.

SPANISH MOSS

By JAMES K. MILLS

One night,
The fog sought peace
Among the trees.
She slept awhile
And then the dawn
Reluctantly awakened her
And whispered warnings of the wind.
She sighed,
Then stretched a misty arm
Her master wrenched it,
Made her rise in pain,
Then drove her, screaming,
Out beyond the sea.
The trees were sad and wept
To lose her cool caress.
Then dried their eyes,
And held up hands
Made moist
By bits of dripping dress
She'd left behind.

NEW ANSWER

By HOLLY FRANCES RALEIGH

There are a thousand queries
In the dark
And this is only one—
Tip-tilted,
With a shining hook
For punctuation . . .
Then, let them say of us,
That every bleeding letter,
We have read the word . . .
Hanging our God
Upon the question mark.
Thanking Him thus,
For brief incuriosity . . .
. . . A quiet hour.
Together, dear
Secure in our little wisdom,
Before the slow chill of the channel air,
And we forget the question
That we answered.

FOR ANOTHER ART YEAR

The Carmel Art Association is again pulling together the various interests that go to make up an organization of the kind, and forming itself for the 1929 campaign. It has had not twelve months behind it, but has managed to iron out a lot of crinkles in organization and management in that short time. The prospects are poor for its future, and for the success of its art gallery as a business venture.

To everyone interested in Carmel, either in an artistic or business way, the advance of the association is important, and membership in it is the best means of showing appreciation of its advantage to the town. That there should be a central place where residents and visitors here can see—and to advantage—the work of the painters, scuptors and etchers of the village, needs no argument now. The plan has been tested, and the large number of visitors to the gallery is the proof. That this has been of material help in bringing people to Carmel is not so suspectible of proof, but has a good basis of fact. An art gallery in any town is, like a fine library, an advertising asset. And more so than in most towns, here in Carmel.

The expense to the village of keeping the gallery active, and the Art Association happy and prosperous, is too small to worry about. Their total budget is $2000 for the year, and much of that is made up from the active memberships. The rest of us can become associates, or life members, or something, and our dues will quickly balance the books.

BOOM

The only boom this town desires is the boom of the Pacific on its beach. Yet, whether we wish it or not, the other less desirable kind of boom is more than likely to overtake us. What is destined to happen to Carmel three years, five years, ten years hence neither you nor I can do much to further or prevent. The hand of "Progress" is not to be stayed. The laws of supply and demand are as inexorable as the tides.

Let us see what is taking place. The Florida bubble, expanding to include both East and West has burst disastrously. California is left to face the tourist invasion alone. A happy event for the rest of the state—but a doubtful blessing to seclusive Carmel.

Everywhere middle-aged business men are finding out that it is more fun to retire than to continue the game. "Let the other fellow have it," more and more of them are saying. "We'll hie ourselves to California." And so thousands are drifting to our sunny play-grounds, mostly to

THINGS OF PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

Southern California. But many—too many—are destined to discover this paradise. And when they do, it will be "love at first sight," for who can gaze on Carmel and not love it!

Of the newcomers those who "belong" will be thrice welcome. We need every one of them. Others, the Babbitts, the builders of "bigger and better communities," the chamber of commerce men—what shall we do with them? Alas, that is not the question, but rather what will they do to Carmel! Their influence must be resisted to save Carmel from becoming just such a jazzy, tourist-wire town as the California coast is dotted with. If that ever happens, then goodbye painters and poets, musicians and novelists — goodbye solitude and charm!

It is not a pleasant picture. We must do what we can to prevent or delay it. The master of the world today is Babbitt. For business is all powerful. We can do little. But if we cannot stay the flood, at least we can direct its course if we act while it is still a tiny stream.

When Point Lobos becomes a public park criss-crossed by arterial highways, and our beach a dumping ground for the tin can tourist—then it will be too late. The Carmel we know and love will have passed into history and legend.

People Talked About

As Saint Peter watches over the gates of Heaven, so Mrs. Daisy Bostick and other Carmel realtors guard the entrance to our village. Prospective buyers without knowing it are subjected to a sort of Binet test before they are urged to buy. If the newcomer asks too insistently to be shown where a certain notorious character once spent a short period, he is not looked upon as desirable. There are test questions, innocent sounding in themselves, under which a deep purpose lurks.

Does the prospect like his streets winding the way Nature made them? Steep up one side, dodging a boulder here, a tree there? His answer to this is important. If he raves about the view, and would not for worlds have the rustic lanes ruined by such commonplace things as concrete, curbstones, sidewalks, grades, street lights—then he is looked upon with favor, and if he holds out for it he is sure to be offered a bargain.

No millionaire customer receives one half the attention Daisy Bostick bestows upon the poor artist or author who comes here with twenty dollars a month to put into a cabin. Literally she'll turn the town upside down and inside out till a home is found for the wanderer. Carmel she thinks is for those who love it, and can appreciate it.

Going on with the "Binet test" Mrs. Bostick draws out her customers on the subject of city development.

"You know, we all want to keep it a village," she says. "If you are looking for the bright lights you'll not find them here. The night life of Ocean avenue is tucked in bed long before midnight.

"Carmel is not being boosted. No one wants it to grow. Our crooked little lanes are lighted at night by the stars. Houses are not numbered. Street names seldom posted. It will take a week to find out where you live with any degree of accuracy, and another to discover a trail to the postoffice. But, oh, what a relief your retreat will be from this restless, machine-made age! Anyway, we like it that way. You'll find it like living in the woods among the birds and trees."

"Have you no postman, no rural free delivery?"

"Horrors, no! Our artists can't be disturbed by the mailman's knock. Just suppose Jimmy Hopper or Alice MacGowan were interrupted at a critical point in a story, by a bill from the grocer or the laundry. Think of the disappointment of two million readers of the Saturday Evening Post who might never know what happened next!"

"What are your building statistics?" asked a business-like voice.

"Such things are not mentioned in Carmel," replies Mrs. Bostick with a frown. "If they are ever published in the local paper, it is only because they show a decrease over the previous year. Then we rejoice over our success in keeping Carmel a village."

"Bravo!" cried the prospect, who really belonged in spite of his stupid question. "This is the place I've been looking for all my life, and didn't know existed. Show me a house in the woods where I can hear the sound of the sea and the songs of birds."

"Where are you from?" inquired the realtor, somehow picturing her gray haired customer as struggling with storms and the drive of modern life, for he had a slightly battered look. Woman's intuition told her he must have led a hard life. She was scarcely prepared for his answer.

"From San Jose," he replied.

• • • •

Eugenia Reynolds, who last summer sang for us in Herod, in Inchling and The Princess of Araby at the Forest Theater, is with Loew's State Theatre in Los Angeles, the featured singer in Fanchon & Marco's "Saxophone Idea," an elaborate production with a large cast, and has, as proof of her talent, a contract for a 16 weeks' tour of all the large Pacific coast cities, from San Diego to Vancouver and

SAM POWERS, Pioneer

as far east as Salt Lake City.

Miss Reynolds has been well-known in musical and dramatic circles of San Jose. A wealth of amateur and professional experience has aided her appreciably in building a practical foundation for the stage career which she hopes to follow.

Equipped with a beautiful clear soprano voice, trained in study under Leda Gregory Jackson in San Jose and M. Georges Simondet in San Francisco, Miss Reynolds has pleased audiences on numerous occasions with her singing in concerts, operas and over bay city radios. In one of her most recent appearances there Miss Reynolds sang the title role of Carmen in the San Jose Musical Association's production of the Bizet opera.

In San Jose High School, from which she was graduated in 1924, Miss Reynolds took a very active part in dramatics under Miss Irene Alexander, now a producer in New York. She played leading roles in numerous operettas and dramas at the local institution, including the part of Hermia in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In her first year of college at San Mateo Junior College she was cast in a number of productions, one of which was the "lead" in G. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."

• • • •

Sam Powers came to Carmel on the first day of August, 1905. Carmel was at that time but a dream child in the minds of a few far sighted men. But people were settling here and their coming brought Sam who drove a stage.

The stage was an ancient three-seated coach drawn by horses that had seen better days. They hauled their loads over the hill from Monterey with weary, dogged effort. Sometimes the load would be too heavy, in which case the men, and sometimes the women, must walk to the top of Carmel hill. Sam would promise to await them on the hilltop, but the patient beasts that drew the coach usually thought it better that the passengers should wait for them.

During the late trips in the twilight of the day Sam would show his passengers strange things. He would point out huge distorted trees which were silhouetted wierdly against the lemon-colored sky. "See, that tree over yonder is a lion crouched for a spring. Just beyond that is a monkey hanging by his tail." People answered that they did see them, but Sam knew that they could not see them as he did.

For five years he drove the coach to and from Monterey. Then he did hard labor of different sorts until eleven years ago. At that time he became gatekeeper at the North San Antonio avenue entrance to the Seventeen Mile Drive. Every day Sam lets his paltry eleven or twelve hundred people pass, and in his eleven years at the gate he has taken toll from approximately 19,300,000 people and opened the gate for 4,800,000 vehicles, he says. Yet he refuses to acknowledge the romance of his life, saying that his only notable experience, and his only philosophy is—hard work.

While he is employed Mrs. Powers awaits him with a warm supper in the cozy little house at the gate, and Sam smiles farewell to the last patron for that day.

• • • •

Having voted, we can turn to frivolous things like bobs, bridge and Christmas lists.

The kid's pumpkins and ghosts have all been laid, the last bit of orange crepe paper burnt or rolled up for next Hallowe'en, and the neighbor's last complaint soothed over and little Billy spoken to.

Christmas lists, in spite of the fact that last year was the last we'd ever give a card or gift, are commencing to menace our dreams, and little red wagons and wax dolls, golf socks and crepe de chine undies are becoming as important as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith were last week.

And so it goes.

GOLDEN BOUGH PICTURES

The program for the month of November at the Theatre of the Golden Bough has just come out, and contains a series of fine pictures, one right after the other. Every change of picture shows variety and at the same time gives Carmel nothing but the best, the management having thrown out all the culls and selected from the pictures being shown in the large cities. This policy it to continue month after month and the theatre's patrons will have reason to feel proud of the Golden Bough.

On Sunday and Monday is The Scarlet Lady, a story which treats of the days previous to and following the Russian revolution. This picture just finished an engagement at the Embassy Theatre in New York at an admission of two dollars. It will be shown here at regular prices.

On Tuesday will be shown Lovelorn from the novel by Beatrice Fairfax, featuring Sally O'Neil.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Gloria Swanson in Sadie Thompson, based on one of the most widely discussed stories of recent years, "Miss Thompson," by W. Somerset Maugham. The picture was directed by Raoel Walsh, who also plays the role of the Marine Sargeant, O'Hara, other members of tte cast being Lionel Barrymore, Blanche Frederick, Charles Lane and Florence Midgely.

DR. BENTLEY WILL ADDRESS PARENT-TEACHER ASSN.

At the next regular meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association, Wednesday, November 14, at 3 o'clock at the Sunset School, Dr. R. C. Bentley, Dean of the Junior College of Salinas, will be the speaker. His subject will be "The Peculiar Opportunity of the Local College."

Dr. Bentley is recognized as a leading educator and executive. He was at one time Dean of Clark University, Massachusetts, a college founded by G. Stanley Hall and for many years one of the outstanding small colleges of the country.

Dr. Bentley was also connected with the Education Department of Stanford University for a period of seven years.

The meetings of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association are open to the public.

She Comes to Carmel

By Sasha Andreevna

Well, well, well! After all these years of having heard "Carmel"—in magazines, in newspapers, in books, in poems and in whispers—she was actually going to see it in the flesh. And under what appropriate circumstances — visiting a strange man. She didn't even know if he were blond or brunette, tall or short. Carmel!

Boarding a train at Third and Townsend, she settled herself for a three-hour or so orgy of beautiful scenery. Disappointment. Up to Santa Cruz it was a bore and she buried her nose in her book. But after Santa Cruz the book was forgotten—even Carmel was forgotten as she gazed in rapt ecstacy at the swiftly changing scenery which was mellow and melancholy in the sunset. It was so close and intimate—not grand and thrilling views, but very personal scenes that melted one, and gave a feeling of great tenderness for the world in general. A sense of softness and calm, rest and quiet, made her sigh happily and relax into a dream state. Such relief poured into her troubled soul—like tender caresses that bring one to that delightful border of sleep when one is neither awake nor asleep—floating somewhere between heaven and earth. She hoped vaguely that she'd know when she reached Monterey, and wouldn't forget to get off, but she didn't really care much. It was quite dark when they reached Monterey. She noticed that there was a midnight purple bay across which golden lights twinkled and danced in paths that died out into blackness. But she was too interested now in being met to give the bay the attention it deserved and almost commanded. How in the world would she recognize him? Stepping off the train in the leisurely manner of a person going nowhere in particular, she saw him immediately. He saw her at the same moment and came to her, smiling. "Oh, hello!" they said, and only afterwards wondered how and why they recognized one another without a moment's hesitation. "I suppose one does, in Carmel," she thought. Wasn't he nice! So natural and pagan—as if it were quite the usual thing to meet strange young women. Later she realized he was like one of the Carmel pines.

They got into the car and drove straight to Carmel without noticing Monterey. It could wait. "Oh! This is a delicious play-house town," she thought. "Nothing serious could ever happen here." And when they stopped at a grocery to get some things for supper, her impression grew. They were just playing store—selling samples that children play with. And how delightful! They were samples of real food. She quite expected him to pay for them with telephone slugs or buttons—and have the groceryman say in a very concerned voice, "And how is Mrs. Jones, Mr. Jones?" "Oh, she's very well, thank you, Mr. Groceryman." "And how are the children, Mr. Jones?" "Well, Johnny has the mumps today, but I think he'll be all right tomorrow." "Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. Jones. Goodby, Mr. Jones." Good-by, Mr. Groceryman."

They drove on into the hills, up winding roads through the pines and play houses. She watched for the red farm houses with spotted cows standing about stiffly—or a Noah's Ark with the animals strewn about in twos and Noah himself looking out of the roof.

"They're talking of improving roads," he remarked savagely. "Oh no! How beastly!" she answered, equally savagely and was surprised at her own emotion. Already she felt that Carmel was a very intimate and personal concern of hers and that she would lay down her life if necessary to save it from those horrible, mercenary improvers. She began asking all sorts of questions about the deadly improvers. They discussed most seriously and heatedly ways and means of frustrating their plans. The important thing seemed to be, We Must Save Carmel!—And she felt that she really MUST.

"Oh, I must tell you. I have a young man staying with me. He writes and draws, and is awfully good, I think. I asked him down because he was out of place at home, a small religiously fanatic and crushing town that would have gotten him in time. You see, I want him to get started at the age I wish I could have started." As he finished talking they stopped at the house—another play house that promptly won her heart for it could almost be called a shack. She had a weakness for shacks. Of course, it was more than a shack, but one could use a little imagination and pretend it really was one.

The young-man-staying-with-me was busy finishing painting the front room floor. If he were really an artist, she felt, he should have painted himself into the middle of the room. How disappointing of him to be so sensible and practical.

In the tiny kitchen they prepared their supper, talking as if they'd always known one another. "They're putting up road signs," said the young-man-staying-with me in deep disgust. He'd been in Carmel only a few days and already felt as if it were his own. They all three discussed what should be done about it. Undoubtedly, Something Must Be Done!

After supper they had the beach to themselves and watched the moon change from gold to red orange as it sank into the fog bank which rested on the horizon of the blue black ocean. Then they drove home again, but next morning were up early and returned to the beach to sun bathe. Only a few people were there, lying about, some reading, some lazily talking and others making sand pies. He and she sun baked until they were almost blistered, then ran madly along the edge of the water, splashing themselves, running until it almost hurt—to the end of the beach and just as madly back again, and into the surf which surprised her with its strength, knocking her down and turning her over and over. When they came out she started to take off her bathing suit, to dry herself, right there on the beach — then suddenly remembered that she wasn't really a child.

They went into the woods to gather pine cones for the fire—the front room floor having dried sufficiently to sit on in front of the fireplace. All about the woods was poison ivy—but they merely ignored it. It was play poison ivy of course, and wouldn't hurt one. What fun wandering under the trees, seeing who could gather the most cones—filling sacks with them and then dumping them into the car. That night they sat before their burning pine cones, he reading them his favorite poems while they told him which ones they liked best, and why.

The next morning they went to the Post Office which she found to be the place to see everyone. They were all coming in at some time or other—with manuscripts and even letters. She enjoyed watching the people—and suddenly realized that they were all alike in some way. What was it? Ah! She had it! It was a certain facial expression—a Carmel consciousness. That was it—and she felt that if she didn't leave soon, the same expression would settle on her face.

She now became more interested in the people. She wondered about them. When friends dropped in at the shack, always in the most casual manner, one promptly learned all about them and all about everybody else—or felt one did. One knew them as intimately as children living in the same neighborhood know one another—and like children, really knew very little, and didn't care. Everyone was accepted on his ability to be interesting or amusing. "Do they really feel grown up?" she wondered—and soon learned that they really were when they worked. They really worked—worked hard and were temperamental about it, putting out signs on their doors, not to be disturbed while working. One sign said merely, "NO!" One felt stimulated and accepted working hours as a very serious thing—and felt inspired to sit right down and make a sign of one's own.

She left one morning, with deep regret. He and she didn't say "Good-by" or "I had a very nice time" or "Come again soon." It was all understood and taken for granted. She left knowing that she was a converted Carmelite and would return as soon as possible—and in the meantime would be terribly concerned about those villains—The Improvers.

ANOTHER CURIOUS CAT IS CONSTANCE COLE'S

Constance Heron Cole calles her yellow kitten The Big Wheel! Yet she says he isn't a bit interesting, "he's just good and sweet and adorable and I'm going to keep him that way!!!" Connie is trying to teach The Big Wheel to cry in French!

Louise Walcott has a very beautiful large white long-haired feline whose name is Cecelia. Cecelia is part Persian and part Alameda. Louise writes in to ask "since, if eating duck made Alice de Nair's cat quack and if Connie's smile can persuade her kitten to speak French what may I expect Cecelia to do? I feed her fish every day."... Dear Louise: What could be sweeter than a cat running a scale?

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Characters (or caricatures):
Bill, Sal and Judge.
Scene: A garden.
Bill: Marry me, willya?
Sal: MmmmHmmm.
(They kiss intensely.)
Curtain

II.

Scene: Kitchen.
Sal (Sobbing loudly): You jackall, I'll go back to mother.
Bill: You can go to Nether for all I care.
More Curtain

III. ....

Scene: Courtroom.
Sal: I wanna divorce.
Bill: Here too. Same divorce.
Judge (yawning): Whatcha names?
Curtains and drums roll.

CARMEL CROIX

The Girl Friend always has a good recipe on hand. Carmel Croix is delicious dessert for delicate diaphragms. They fo well with the coffee. She slipped us this one as follows:

Fry some puffed rice in butter. Drop a few crumbs (or oatmeal) in it and watch it carefully to see that it doesn't run away. Now lay a graham cracker on a saucer. Put enough of the foregoing dope on it to thickly cover its surface and lay another graham cracker on top of that. Squeeze a tablespoon full of honey out of your pet bee. For the sake of art make a cross of honey on top of the Carmel Croix. Now place a strawberry, or any old berry, on the middle of the cross, and place five more berries around the edge of the dish. Wind up with a little cream, or whipped cream, on top of all. Now put the C. C. on the table and just watch 'em destroy it.

Here's one of those anonymous jokes that stalks around at night like a pussy-cat on the roof. You can have both barrels, but it's suicide, not murder.

El: What's the first thing Mr. (Hoover or Smith) will say when he enters the White House on the

morning after election?

Lect: Search me. (That is only literal of course.)

El: He'll say, "Good morning, Will Rogers."

Lean over close while I tell you this one:

J: Did you see The Bad Man two years ago at the Carmel Playhouse?

A: No, I wasn't in Carmel at the time.

Q: Did you see it last year when it was here

A: Why—ah—no. I happened to be on my vacation.

Q: Well, are you going to see it this year? Very good play, you know.

A: Well—I might—I had hoped to, but—I'm afraid . . . .

Q: Oh, never mind, old man. You can see it next year, or the year after or . . . .

A BOOK

Our book this week is Bambi. The book is written by Felix Stalten and translated by Whittaker Chambers. (Simon and Schuster.)

You've heard of refreshing books. Well, here's one in person. Like a tinkling iced drink in a green glass. It's a three hour pastime, just right for the evening by the fireplace. Has been praised highly and cursed violently, which proves its worth.

TODAY'S MARTYR

Judge: This man informs me that you knocked down the stone wall that skirts his garden. Why did you do it?

Culprit: I heard him tellin' his gardener there was a bad Chink in the wall, that's why.

O TEMPERA! O MORES!

She: Oh, kiyud, he's the mos' wonderful kisser.

Her: How d'y' know? He ain't never kissed you.

She: No, but I he'rd him eatin' a apple.

PROHIBITIVE SMOKES

The people who smoke Camels will find printed on each package: Don't look for premiums or cou-

pons as the cost of the tobaccos blended in CAMEL Cigarettes prohibits the use of them.

The trouble lies here. Since the Pine Cone has donned its new shirt we have no excuse for our chalk plate drawings looking like they do. We used to blame it onto the type of paper, but now the type of paper blames it on us.

8 day clock. It is mahogany finished, and all the school clocks are set by it. In addition to this clock we also have one in the kitchen.—Kenneth Macleish.

New students registered in Miss Wood's room are Madge and James Thompson from Pacific Grove.

Miss Culbertson and Miss Johnson have worked with a class of boys in native clay and understanding that this year we were interested in clay they are giving us a pottery kiln. They appreciated the need for a kiln having worked in clay so long themselves. We are deeply indebted to these kind people and hope that we have some good pottery to show at the end of the year.—Vera Hunter.

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SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

Great was the delight of the pupils of Sunset School when on Thursday they received their new type Report Cards. There was eager questioning and excitement. Yes, the children liked the new cards. "Oh yes. Instead of being marked one, two, three, etc., we are marked Excellent, Satisfactory and Weak," said one of the girls to me.

"And look," said another, "here is the date of the Parent-Teachers meetings."

And so for five or ten minutes these exclamations kept up. On the new report cards the Citizenship and Character of the pupil is marked. The parents can know just what their child is doing and when the teachers are free for consultation.

On Monday, November 12, there will be a holiday at Sunset School. This day is being held as the school holiday for Armistice Day.

Mr. Evans, Art teacher, had planned a visit to Carmel Art Gallery for the pupils of the Eighth grade of Sunset School but on account of so many being absent from illness, the trip was postponed. The class was disappointed but willing to wait.—Mollie Darling.

The principal's office of Sunset School now has a beautiful new

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Scribbles and Sketches

By MONTE

WHY DON'T YOU?

She picked them up on the highway and gave them a lift on their merry way. There were three of them: the London Lady, the Russian gentleman and the American boy. They talked fashions for Carmel.

The lady from London was on her way to buy clothes. It seems she had been told by the home folks in England that her London apparel would never do for Carmel. She had embraced the idea that this is a place in which the latest mode was expected. She would hasten to San Francisco and be properly outfitted.

The Russian gentleman said he thought Russian blouse, trousers and boots should be the practical and attractive Carmel outfit for both men and women.

The red-sweatered American boy said: "Aw gee, I wear any old thing. The pine needles came in my room last night right on my bed and today's Periwikle's birthday and he's going to have a cake and he's my dog; he's eight years old and why don't you buy your clothes in Carmel?"

WHO'S WHO AND WHY NOT

We do not know the name; we could not find out the address but he (or she) cried and cried and cried in the big blue automobile all alone and nobody to love him (or her). Above in Roger Sturtevant's studio, Roger and Viola, hearing the plaintiff music of young lungs (a familiar tune to them), decided to investigate. They descended and did. The sole occupnt of the big blue car was gathered up and tenderly carried aloft where his (or her) broken heart was mended and sobs ceased. Fond parents returning from shopping tour registered slight surprise and in due time were reunited with offspring who reported a nice time had by all. No kidnaping charges will be pressed.

Now that we have heard all the truth about Hoover from the Democratic campaign committees and all the truth about Smith from the Republican campaign committees we can settle down to a dearth of veracity for another four years.

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT: A brown derby on the White House hat rack.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS

Peter Bartovick

He whizzes here, he galivants there,
Steering, cheering his sight-seeing fare;
A flash of white teeth as he passes by
An infectious twinkle in his eye
A smile that is tonic for any man
When Peter shoots past in his Buick sedan.

AMONG THE THEATRES: A feature of the Con-Tageous Circuit vaudeville performance next week will be the New Highway Quartette composed of: Messrs. Over-STREET and WALKER and RHODA Johnson and Effie McLEAN. They will sing: "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

I ASK YOU: Would the truth about the Republican Party be Hooveracity?

Carmel Artists take heart—Early in the 14th century, Duccio was paid sixteen cents a day for his painting. The other day John D. Rockefeller Jr. saw and liked one of Duccio's pictures and paid over a million dollars for it.

We can no longer make limericks about Peking. There is no such place. The Nationalist Government has gone and changed Peking to Peiping and as we do not know how Peiping is pronounced we can only experiment as follows:

When the Nationalist law became griping,
The Communist Coolies quit sniping
But, oh dear, what a pity,
When the capitol city
Was changed from Peking to Peiping.

Little Chinese who are creeping
When Melican children are sleeping

Do not even know
That their pa's had to go
And exchange dear old Peking for Peiping.

The capitol now is Nanking
To Chiang Kai-shek I sing
But oh heck! say I
I'm so sad I could cry
That Peking has been changed to PeiPING!

WEEKENDERS: Mr. and Mrs. Us and little Dexter Us are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alogy and little Jenny Alogy. The families spent Sunday on the beach climbing trees.

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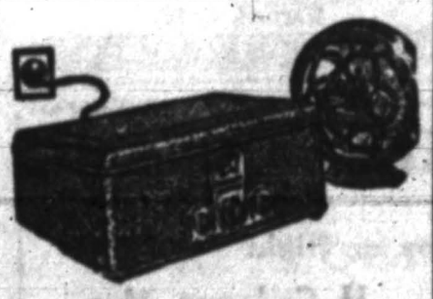

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In the morning, or when you are clearing up after lunch—you can put your entire dinner in this oven. Make two simple adjustments, close the oven door, and you can stay out of the kitchen all afternoon if you want to.

At the proper moment, the current comes on automatically and browns the food. Then it is automatically turned off and cooking continues on stored heat until everything is done to a turn.

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MARRIED AT POINT LOBOS

What was perhaps the first wedding ever to take place on the world famous beauty spot, Pt. Lobos, near Carmel, was solemnized Tuesday morning, October 31, at eleven o'clock under the centuries old cypress and sunny California skies. With the blue ocean for a background and amid the kaleidoscopic decorations of nature in mosses and rocky coastline, Mrs. Morgan Springer of Chicago was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Ritchie Wilson of Indianapolis, Indiana. The impressive service was read by the Rev. Thomas Barble of the Pacific Grove Presbyterian church and the bride was given away by A. M. Allen of Pt. Lobos. Thomas Riley was the groom's best man and the bride's only attendant was little Miss Mary Riley. Only members of the family were present, including: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Burnette and Helen Julian, Mary Riley and Alexander Allen Jr. Immediately after the ceremony the party motored down the coast to Peter Pan Lodge where a wedding breakfast awaited them, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left via California for Indianapolis, where they will make their home, Mr. Wilson being vice president of a well known Indianapolis life insurance company. The bride is a close relative of the A. M. Allens.

LEARN TO DANCE, CARVE AND MOULD

The Folk Dancing class under Jean Wallace, and the Shop Class under Ernest Calley will be organized in the auditorium of Sunset School at 7:30 next Monday evening, November 12. Fifteen pupils are the very least that will be taken, and the teachers insist that an average attendance of twelve will be necessary to maintain the class. With the winter nights here, and Christmas presents to attend to, Folk dancing and workshop activity should have a pleasant function and fill a definite need. Run up to Sunset school and see about it on Monday night at 7:30. Miss Wallace and Mr. Calley know about their subjects and know how to make them interesting to you.

COLOR SCHEMES TO BE STUDIED AT GARDEN CLUB

The Garden Club met this week at the home of Mrs. A. Barling, with a paper read by Mrs. Brooks and written by Mrs. Walter Starr of Peidmont on the interesting and important subject of A Garden of Continuous Bloom. The next meeting will be on November 15, at 10 a.m., at the home of Mrs. H. W. Fenner, and the subject will be Color Schemes.

CARMEL HOOVER CLUB HOLDS LAST MEETING

The Carmel Hoover Club held its last meeting at Pine Inn Monday noon, when about eighty people gathered for luncheon. W. L. Overstreet, chairman of the men's section of the club, introduced Mrs. Constance Deane of San Francisco, who had been requested, following her speech of last week, to preside at the final meeting of the club.

Mrs. Deane expressed her gratitude and pleasure at being complimented by the return invitation and then went on to say that everyone interested in furthering Hoover's election must keep on working until the polls closed and see that all voters cast ballots.

Ray De Yce alluded jestingly to the fact that no name opposed his as candidate for asemblyman, and said that it would not be hard to vote for him, and then stated that he felt Hoover's election was as easy as his. Mrs. Deane moved a vote of thanks to Miss Effie MacLean of Carmel who has played the piano for all luncheons, and a standing vote to W. L. Overstreet and Helen Rosenkrans, chairman of the men's and women's sections of the club. Mrs. Deane closed the meeting by asking those present if they had ever considered the meaning of the letter "H," stating that it began hope, harmony, honesty, heaven, was the beginning of Hoover and the end of Smith!

DELIGHTFUL PARTY IN FOREST HILL SCHOOL

The past week has been filled with many festivities for the kiddies of the different schools, and one of the loveliest of these was the luncheon and Hallowe'en party which Mrs. Minna Steel Harper and Miss Mabel Spicker of the Forest Hill school in Carmel gave for their small pupils and their friends. The fine luncheon was served at one large table effectively decorated in Hallowe'en colors and symbols. The favors and place cards were appropriate to Hallowe'en and the seasonal idea was also developed in the menu. Covers were placed for 12 little guests who were all bewitchingly arrayed in Hallowe'en costume.

The children of the school put on their own program which was exceedingly clever. The Toy Symphony orchestra, for which the Forest Hill school is famed, is made up entirely of talent among the pupils and is indeed worthy of much praise.

Those present at the luncheon were Misses Patty Ball, Peggy Mathiot, Lois Streicher, Natalie Hatton, Martha Jane Carter, Patsy McCeren, Messrs. John Wood, Allan Wood, Martin Flavin and Teddy Marble.

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION HOLDS MEETING

At a meeting of the Carmel Art association on Monday, it was decided to inaugurate a sort of budget or installment plan to aid those who wish to purchase pictures. A departure in art, the proposed plan will do much to facilitate both purchaser and painter in meeting on a common ground. The plan, as outlined by George Seideneck, president of the association, provides for a down payment of 20 per cent of the purchase price, and then the payment of a stated sum per month. The plan will be used for any and all pictures which the artist is willing to have sold in this way, and has been endorsed enthusiastically by peninsula painters.

It is planned to send out another travelling exhibition, similar to the one sent out last year, but a new plan for framing the pictures has been arrived at, in order to save shipping space and weight, and also to remove from the painter the onus of either sending out poor frames or having his good ones returned to him in damaged condition. The plan is to mount all pictures on a broad white mat, all mats to be of equal size, and the pictures to be limited to certain general classes of dimensions. By means of this a uniformity of mounting, the show will present a more attractive appearance, and the painters will be saved considerable expense in the matter of frames.

It is understood that Rockford, Ill., wants an exhibition of peninsula painters, as does also Sacramento, where a show was sent last year, and there is a possibility of sending two or three shows south.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY DOES THE GOLDEN BOUGH? Well now, maybe it's because it's burdened with too many stars and then again it might be because the fruit of its labors still cling to the family tree.—SOC.

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THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

Joe Flynn of Berkeley motored to Carmel last Saturday and spent several days at Carmel Inn.

Colonel and Mrs. James Parker and small daughter Jane Ellen left Tuesday for an extended visit in the east. They will spend part of the time with Mrs. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Boyce, in Ottawa, Illinois, and will return to Carmel in the early spring.

Richard Boke, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Boke, has won recognition for fine scholastic work done at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Boke graduated from Union High School at Monterey in 1926 and since entering Antioch has done work of a quality that has caused his name to appear upon the recently announced honor list of the college.

Francel Tyler returned Monday to her home at Pine Inn after a few days visiting in San Francisco.

Lynn Hodges, of the San Carlos Stables, returned this week from a motor trip to visit his family in Utah.

We heard from Peter Friedrichsen that Houghton Furlong is holding down the job of stage manager for the Players Guild of San Francisco. Peter saw their last play, "The Devil and the Cheese" and Peter, to be quite frank, wasn't at all thrilled, but then he's been seeing some pretty good stuff here in Carmel for the past few years. We really do produce some things well, and appreciate it more after we get out and see other attempts.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lowell have returned from San Diego, where they enjoyed their first airplane flight. Their son Charles Jr. piloted the plane.

Fritz Wurtzman motored to Los Angeles Friday to be gone a week.

Clay Otto has returned from a six months' trip through southern California.

Rolf Pielke, formerly well known in Carmel as a pen and ink artist, has opened an art school on San Antonio and Third street, San Jose. Pielke has been doing some excellent news cartoons on the San Jose Mercury Herald.

Preston W. Search will meet his Seminar group, in home library discussion, on Tuesday evening, November 13, at 8 o'clock, sharp. The subject for the evening will be "DANTE AND HIS DIVINE COMEDY."

Dr. Mather Myle Spencer, President of the University of Washington, spent a day in Carmel last week. While here, he was entertained by Mr. Bardarson, one of his former pupils, and now principal of Sunset School. Mr. Spencer is making a tour of the country, after which he will return to his duties as President of the University of Washington.

Miss Eliza Van Wyck of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been a guest at Sea View Inn for the past month, has returned to her home. Miss Van Wyck, a writer of poems, is a frequent contributor to the current magazines.

The Carmel Girl Scouts will hold a food sale on next Saturday morning at 10 o'clock at the old library building on Lincoln and Sixth, at the rear of Pine Inn. The girls will have many tempting things to sell, and the proceeds will go toward the Girl Scout building fund.

In a letter received by a Carmel friend from Miss Irene Alexander, who is now in New York city, Miss Alexander states that she recently enjoyed a visit from Roy McCullough, former advertising man on the Pine Cone. Roy wished to be remembered to his Carmel friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Parker of the Point have returned from a week's trip to the bay cities.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Wood have returned to Carmel from a month's stay in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Koch and Mrs. Lilly Koch of Minneapolis, Minn., and Dr. Emma Koch of Oakland were last week-end guests of Mrs. W. Siwart Smit and daughter, Katherine, at their home on Dolores and Tenth. On Saturday evening Colofiel Clair Foster delivered a radio greeting message to friends of the Kochs in Java. The Kochs were here on a visit three years ago and upon their return this time, they remarked upon the increasing business activities and the recently completed attractive buildings in Carmel.

Miss Louise Blanchard was the recent guest of Miss Christine Otis in her Carmel home.

Mrs. F. T. Shepard of Paris, Idaho, and Mrs. R. L. Sweetson of San Francisco are the guests of Mrs. Charles Lallas for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Auzerais have returned to Palo Alto for the balance of the winter.

Mrs. Helen Wilson, who has been in France for a few weeks, is on the sea en route for New York. While in Paris she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, who are living abroad.

Mrs. Ruth Austin, who has spent the summer and fall in Germany studying with the German dancing teachers, sailed on the sixteenth for Galveston, Texas, whence she will come to Carmel to reopen her classes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Josselyn, who have been with Mrs. Josselyn's parents in Brittany for some time, arrived in New York yesterday. Before returning to their Carmel home, they will be the guests of Mrs. Calvin Luther at Stamford, Conn., and will also make several other stops in the East. They will return here in time for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Eisenberg, who formerly owned Rancho Mia Flores in Carmel Valley, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto for a few days.

Miss Evelyn Arne is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Court Arne.

General and Mrs. W. S. Schuyler have gone down the coast to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Field at the Trails Club.

Mrs. Charles Towne has gone up to San Francisco for a few days' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Ankersmit left last night for San Francisco, where they will spend the week-end. They plan to hear Fritz Kreisler in recital tonight.

Mrs. Caroline Hollis has returned from a month's stay in the east, and is at her home at Carmel Highlands. Mrs. Hollis was the western delegate to the Episcopal convention at Washington, D. C., for the Daughters of the King, and also visited in New York and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. King Eager of Toronto, Canada, are spending a few days at Pine Inn.

Dr. R. A. Kocher left on Saturday night for Los Angeles to join Mrs. Kocher who is making a stay in the southern city. The doctor will return tomorrow in time to vote.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Orage left yesterday by motor for Los Angeles where Mr. Orage will deliver two lectures at the home of Marcella Burke, who spent the summer in Carmel. From Los Angeles, the Orages plan to motor back to New York.

Miss Janie Johnston, who has been the guest of her brother at Los Gatos for a few days, returned last night to Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bixby of New York and Pasadena have arrived for the balance of the fall months and are in the Yates cottage on Casanova and Ocean.

Miss Cellia Moniz of Carmel is visiting her mother, Mrs. V. Moniz, in Morgan Hill.

Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Davison are returning to their Carmel home from Victoria, where they have spent the past six months.

Mrs. Evan Evans and Mrs. Francis MacGregor of San Rafael have been spending a few weeks in Carmel.

M. Lyle of Seattle has been a guest at Pine Inn for a few days. Mr. Lyle is president of the University of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Turner, who have been in San Francisco for some months, have returned to their Carmel home for a time, and are being enthusiastically received by their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Orage are at Lincoln Inn while Mr. Orage delivers two lectures in Carmel.

Miss Moira Wallace, who has been spending the summer in Carmel with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Wallace, has returned to San Francisco to pursue her art studies

Miss Josephine Baker has moved into the McKenn cottage on Monte Verde street, just north of Ocean, for the winter.

Miss Jane Burrit has as her guest Glenna Collett of Washington, D. C.

J. A. Eustace, who has been in New York on business, has returned to his lace shop in La Giralda.

R. G. Bingham of Los Angeles spent a few days at Pine Inn recently. Mr. Bingham is an interior decorator.

Miss Charlotte Young of Carmel Highlands leaves tomorrow for Los Angeles in order to vote.

Carmel circle N. 183, Neighbors of Woodcraft, will hold an election of officers Tuesday, November 6. All members are requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin entertained a large group of friends at dinner Friday night at their beautiful home at Carmel Highlands in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea who have just returned from a two months' stay in Tahiti. About 25 people from the Highlands and Carmel were present.

The Carmel Woman's Club of Carmel was accepted into the California Federation of Women's Clubs at the session of the state executive board at the Hotel Senator in Sacramento last Saturday. Great activity is indicated in federation extension, six other clubs being accepted at the meeting. The Carmel club will be a member of the San Francisco district, of which Mrs. Hamilton Riggins is the president.

The Carmel club was organized three years ago and has enjoyed a very successful existence. Mrs. Harry Seymore Nye is the efficient persident.

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THE ARTIST COLONY

"I'm going to keep a diary," remarked Miss Baker of the First Edition Book Shop on Ocean avenue. "Here is what happened yesterday:

"A man came into the shop with his daughter. He said he had once been a prize fighter and had acted as body guard to the Countess Cathcart on her last, somewhat strenuous, visit to New York. He called for a copy of 'Three Weeks.' Unfortunately we were out.

"Following the pugilist came a stylishly gowned woman. 'Have you any authors?' she called in through the door.

"'Any what?' I demanded unable to believe my ears. She repeated the question.

"'What kind of authors?' I asked, thinking it wise to humor her.

"'Oh, any old kind—one of adventure stories will do—'

"'There are plenty of authors in town, madam,' I replied with dignity, 'but there are none in the shop at present—'

"'Oh, I'm so disappointed! They told me I'd find 'em at the book store—.' And she went away regretfully.

"Scarcely had I recovered my breath, when the next caller took it away with the breezy question:

"'Will you kindly direct me to the Artists' Colony? I've been looking all over town and can't find it.'"

BUSINESS CHANGES HANDS

William C. Farley, for the past five years owner of the Carmel Cleaning Works, has recently sold his business to Kenneth Goold, a well known Carmel young man, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Goold. Future plans for Mr. and Mrs. Farley are quite indefinite, but they will remain in Carmel at least until the first of the year. Mr. Farley will assist Mr. Goold in getting acquainted with the details of the business.

BLOWING UP A STORM

Perfect days of clear sky and soft breezes. You fairly wallow in contentment.

And on one of these as you mount the hill for the mail the last backward look from Dolores catches a blue horizon miles farther out than ever before tripping with frothy steps toward Pebble Beach. Below, pine tops are waving uphill. The sunlight is uneasy.

An hour later, returning with packages down Eighth, you draw together the trusty leather coat in the face of a stiff breeze that spanks your face and blows your permanent about. Lobos seems a long way off and glitters enchantingly through thin mist.

During luncheon eucalyptus boughs swish overhead and you wish you had trimmed that one branch before. Dust whirls up in front of Yodee's and careens across to your front gate. The week's wash flaps on the line.

In a flutter of haste you rush to the new seed-box of winter stock. Dishes sit forgotten on the kitchen table all afternoon as you toil with fertilizer and spade and hose and trowel to get the plants in before rain. There is a steady blowing in the treetops. Passing machines go by in haste, spitting dust. Children are herding up from the beach.

Dinnertime and a gorgeous Turner sunset gleaming across swift whitecaps. As night shuts down the air grows still and warm. There is a cozy sense that everyone is indoors before a fire, that little bright windows all over town enclose merry talk and small padding feet running to bed in the friendly dark.

Outdoors is quiet. The dark is thick.

And now with a slow rush of south wind the gentle pattering begins on the roof above your head. You run to be sure it is not coming in at any open window. You sigh with conscious cleverness that you have the plants in—for is not the first rain magic and never repeated?

And through the night in dreams you find again the remembered joy of peace under a winter rain.

Bay Rapid Transit Co.

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TIME TABLE

Lv. Carmel for Monterey		Lv. Monterey for Carmel	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
8:20	12:45	8:45	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:45
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		6:30

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by, and in the performance of the covenants contained in that certain deed of trust dated the 20th day of August, 1925, made, executed and delivered by ALBERT L. VAN HOUTTE, a single man, as Trustor, to STOCKHOLDERS AUXILIARY CORPORATION, a corporation, as trustee, for the BANK OF ITALY, a corporation, as beneficiary, which said deed of trust was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Monterey, State of California, on the 22nd day of August, 1925, in Volume 64 of Official Records, at page 37, et seq., Records of Monterey County, California.

The lawful owner and holder of said note and deed of trust having applied to and directed the said trustee in writing to execute the trust by said deed of trust created, and to make sale pursuant thereto, and notice of breach by the trustor of said obligation having been recorded by the lawful owner and holder of said note and deed of trust, as is provided for by law, and more than three months having elapsed since the said recordation, and said trustee deeming it best to sell said premises and estate as a whole now remaining subject to the said deed of trust in order to fulfill the purposes thereof;

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 5th day of December, 1928, at the hour of 11 o'clock, A. M., thereof, at the front door of the County Court House, in the County of Monterey, State of California, the NATIONAL BANKITALY COMPANY, (formerly Stockholders Auxiliary Corporation), a corporation, trustee, will under and pursuant to the aforesaid deed of trust, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real property mentioned in said deed of trust situated in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, towit:

Lots seventeen (17) and nineteen (19) in block one hundred fifteen (115), as said lots and block are laid down and designated upon that certain map entitled, "Map of Carmel - by - the - Sea, Monterey County, State of California," filed March 7, 1902, in the office of the recorder of Monterey County, California, and now on file and of record in said office in Map Book One, Cities and Towns, at page 2, therein.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 23rd, 1928.

NATIONAL BANKITALY COMPANY,
(Formerly Stockholders Auxiliary Corporation), a corporation, Trustee.

By W. W. Douglas,
Vice-President.

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TEN WOODED LOTS WITH BEAUTIFUL OCEAN VIEW ONLY FEW BLOCKS from Ocean Avenue. An exceptional buy at $17,000.

SEE OUR RESIDENCE PLOTS IN MISSION MESA and HATTON FIELDS. Choose your homesite now. Small down payment. Comfortable terms.

CARMEL LAND COMPANY
Office, Ocean Avenue. Phone 18

Carmel Land Company
Carmel and Carmel Highlands Real Estate
Office: Ocean Avenue
Carmel Valley and Coast Properties

CORNER—$5500. 60 by 100—3 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath. Casa Nova Street, owner. Box 804, Carmel. t.f.

MISCELLANEOUS

CARMEL SERVICE BUREAU & EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. Public Stenographer. Rooms listed. Ruth Higby. NE cor. Monte Verde and 7th. Phone 665-W.

IRIS—Planting time now—special mixture $1.00 per doz. The Oaks—Munras ave., Monterey, foot of Carmel hill.

WANTED—A used six-cylinder sedan in good condition—reasonable. Address John C. Cobb, North Collins, N. Y.

CARETAKERS— Responsible middle-aged couple available for winter. Caretakers, care of Pine Cone, Carmel.

WANT TO RENT FOR WINTER—Quite small furnished cottage. S, care of Pine Cone, Carmel.

FOR RENT

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Sacramento, Cal.
Oct. 18, 1928.

NOTICE is hereby given that John Buelna, Jamesburg, Calif., who, on Sept. 22, 1927, made Add'l. stock raising Hd. entry No. 018995, for Lots 3, 4, 5, SE¼NW¼, Section 6, Township 18-S., Range 4-E. M. D. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Silas W. Mack, U. S. Commissioner, at Monterey, Calif., on the 4th day of December, 1928.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Henry Barnes of Jamesburg, Calif.;
Narciso Boronda of Monterey, Calif.;
Israel F. Lown of Jamesburg, Calif.;
William B. Lambert of Jamesburg, Calif.

EDWARD C. JENNINGS,
Acting Register.

Date of first publication October 26, 1928.
Date of last publication, November 23, 1928.

NO. 10728
NOTICE SETTING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR DE-

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician. Hours: 1 to 5:30 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings by appointment only. Please phone for your evening appointments before 5:30 p.m. Residence calls should be arranged for as early as possible in the forenoon. Emergency calls at all hours. Phone 105. Dolores Apartments, beside Post Office, Carmel, Calif.

MINNA BERGER
Teacher of Piano and Harmony
Dolores St. Next to Manzanita Club
Box 1147

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER — Osteopath, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

JIMENEZ & SOTO
Contractors for all kinds of
Concrete and Rock Work
Box 217 Telephone 626-W

C. M. SAYERS
Teacher of wood-carving. Ph. 376.

Osteopathic Physician
DR. C. L. FAGAN
Dolores St., first door south of Telephone Building, Carmel
Office Hours
10 to 12 A.M.—1 to 5 P.M.
Telephone 440

SEWING—Expert alterations. Old frocks remodeled. We also turn out smart new gowns, reline and shorten coats, etc., and make drapes and curtains at the Myra B. Shop, opp. the Post Office, Tel 66-J.

WANTED — Convalescent boarders by a practical nurse in a nice private home. Sunny rooms, modern conveniences, new house, reasonable rates. Call at Wayside Lodge, 922 Hellam St., Monterey, Calif. tf

CREE ESTABLISHING TERMINATION OF SAME.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey.

In the Matter of the Termination of the joint tenancy of William H. McMichael, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Rachael McMichael, claiming to be a joint tenant surviving said William H. McMichael, deceased, has filed herein her verified petition praying for decree of this court establishing the death of said William H. McMichael on March 16, 1928; that his joint tenancy interest in the land hereinafter and in said petition described thereupon terminated; and that the petitioner thereupon became and now is the owner in fee simple absolute thereof.

Notice is further given that said petition has been and is hereby set for hearing by said Court on Thursday, the 24th day of January, A. D. 1929, at the hour of 1:30 P. M. of said day at the court room of said Court, at the County Court House, Salinas, California, at which time and place anyone interested in said land may appear and file objections to the granting of said petition and be heard in support thereof.

Said land is situate in Monterey County, State of California, and is particularly described as Lots eleven, thirteen and fifteen in Block fifty-one, as shown and delineated on a map entitled "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea," filed for record in the office of the county recorder of said Monterey County on March 7, 1902.

Dated, October 8th, 1928.

T. P. JOY,
Clerk.

By ANNA RYAN,
Deputy Clerk.

Silas W. Mack, attorney for petitioner.

First publication Oct. 12, 1928.
Last publication December 7, 1928

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line Minimum charge 50 cents.

Single insertion, 10c per line.

One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line.

One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line.

(No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

CHURCH NOTICES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street

Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room — Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.
All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

The Community Church
Divine Worship—11 a.m. Sunday
Bible School—10 a.m.
Epworth League—7:30 p.m.
Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Visitors Cordially Welcomed!

All Saints Episcopal Church
Monte Verde St., south of Ocean Ave.
Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector

Sunday Services
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.
All are cordially invited

Services at the Old Mission
Daily Mass—7:30 a.m.
Sunday Mass
8:00 and 10:10 a.m.
Right Rev. Ramon M. Mestres Pastor
Rev. M. C. Murphy, Assistant

Unity Hall
THE HIGHER THOUGHT
Sunday—11 a.m.
Speaker—Ida Mansfield Wilson
Wednesday night subject: "Prosperity"

The Chimney Corner

By Helen Faulkner

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE GARDEN

Which is not so silly as it sounds especially after three full hours of it.

Perhaps you feel that your duty to mankind is done if you hold the regular household spring cleaning and worry along the rest of the year with the trusty vacuum and duster. But there is another cleaning just as necessary and just as indicative of fastidiousness — the fall cleaning which takes place in the garden.

And by this you mean more than a casual raking of dried leaves. It entails pulling up the ancient stalks of what was in August promising chrysanthemum, dahlia or aster and burning them in an aromatic heap out back. It entails wheeling many installments of pleasant fertilizer (no joking, there is a kind that does not advertise its presence), dumping it at intervals and raking it over the face of the earth in a thick blanket. It further entails—and here is where you lose the good old pounds—spading up the prepared ground.

Deep spading, mind you; none of your puttering scratching of the surface. You have to push that spade down as far as it will go and as you bring it up, turn the earth over and crumble it about. Nor is that all. This new damp surface must now be further broken up and smoother with a sharp hoe and a strong rake.

The final touch is trimming the edges; that is, sweeping untidy debris into the beds and evening up the boundaries of each bed. Then the last wheelbarrow load of leaves and scrapings and roots is taken back, and you can view with pride the immaculate neatness of your garden housekeeping.

If of Scotch descent, your work is not even yet done, for you have thriftily collected various seedlings by the way which must be put in somewhere — digitalis, marigold, zinnia, nicotiana, cinneraria—hosts of wanderers to be used in patching the parent bed of perennials or starting a new one of their own. So, more ma—fertilizer, more spading, more cleaning up. And perhaps these new-made beds have their own wealth of stray seedlings to adjust. Oh, your garden housecleaning is much more of a proposition than you bargain for when you start in.

But when, after the hot soak to keep the old bones limber, you sit refreshed and ravenous before your noontide tomatoes and tea, you may well be gloating over the neat beds beneath your window. Now come rain, come wind; all is ready for new life, and whenever your boxed seedlings are ready for the ground, the ground will be hospitably ready for them. A good job well done (thank goodness!).

Oooooooohh——!

Stirring in the attic,
Stirring on the stairs,
Stirring underneath the doors,
And in among the chairs;

Stirring in the living room,
Stirring through the hall,
Stirring over all the house;
Autumn Wind, that's all.

SHUT UP OUR STREETS

Everyone knows by this time what Mary Austin thinks of present day Carmel. Not having been fortunate enough to know the other—the Carmel of George Sterling—we are yet inclined to agree with her and to point out that there is still a way to bring it back, such of it as will come.

This way is to reverse the wheels of progress to the end that we may have a Carmel free from tourists, sufficient unto itself. A very concrete form of this withdrawing is the consideration now before the people to close the greater number of through streets to traffic, and to create blind streets. Whoever needs to drive within Carmel city limits will be at liberty to use the few arteries suggested. The great majority of our people can then be secluded as they wish.

Such a plan too would result in rather a geographic grouping of neighbors within a given blind area. Their interests would naturally coincide to some degree; like problems of drainage, daily meetings on the way uptown, a common egress from the district. It might well be that in the process of such casual intercourse friendships would kindle that might grow into the old time camaraderie the loss of which Miss Austin so deplores. The daily propinquity of small units would go far to create a group sense, a group hospitality, group activities. We might see the inception of group dramatics and the development of group rivalry.

There is a good deal more to the proposition than a mere closing of streets to traffic. Those who wish to preserve the village aspect of Carmel will do well to push the blind street business on to completion.

SANCTUARY

If you are one of those fortunate beings whose sky of life is always clear, these words are not for you.

But if once in a while your blue clouds over and thunder threatens, be wise in time and take shelter from your thoughts in the impersonal peace of the Library. There you may browze at will. No one questions your choice, no one thrusts insistent theories at you; complete liberty is yours to feed on the sentimental, the mysterious, the abstruse, at will.

Aristotle, not the least worldly-wise of men, reminds you that in the contemplation of the miseries of others you find your greatest relief from miseries of your own. A good hint as to what reading will profit you most. Bishop Gailor when on his annual trips into the mountains of Tennessee used to rest his mind with dime novels, contending that after finishing one of them all his faculties were refreshed as from a pleasant sleep.

In your next dark moment, drop duties and take sanctuary in the cool corridors of print. Look not for intellectual nourishment but rather for healing. It is waiting there for you, and the supply is well-night inexhaustible.

MR. AND MRS. M'GRAW ENTERTAIN AT BRIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Willard McGraw were delightful hosts Thursday evening when they entertained a group of friends at three tables of bridge in their Carmel Hatton Fields home. Their guests numbered Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marsh Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Duddleson, Mrs. Louise J. Dobbins, Miss Margaret Punberton, John Kriens and Chester Hare.

GOLDEN STATE

SATURDAY
WILLIAM BOYD
—in—
"POWER"
with
Jacqueline Logan
and
Alan Hale

SUNDAY
"WIN THAT GIRL"
with
David Rollins
and
Sue Carol

MONDAY-TUESDAY
The Big National Musical Comedy Hit!
Now a Great Motion Picture
"Oh Kay"
Special Musical Score arranged by Edward Hopkins

WEDNESDAY
May McAvoy
and
Conrad Nagel
—in—
"IF I WERE SINGLE"

THURSDAY EVENING
Victor Hugo's Masterpiece
.... .. Advanced Prices .. ....
"THE MAN WHO LAUGHS"
Advanced Prices
Adults 50c—Children 25c

MEAGHER and STEWART

"WHERE QUALITY COUNTS"

4th Anniversary SALE

November 8th to 17th

Brocade Rayon Bed Spreads—$4.95 each

Blankets—$2.95 pair

Bath Towels—25c each

"Eveready" Rubber Aprons—95c each

3-piece Linen Buffet Sets—95c set

Hand Embroidered Gowns—95c each

French Linen Handkerchiefs—25c each

Kayser Fabric Gloves $1.00 pair

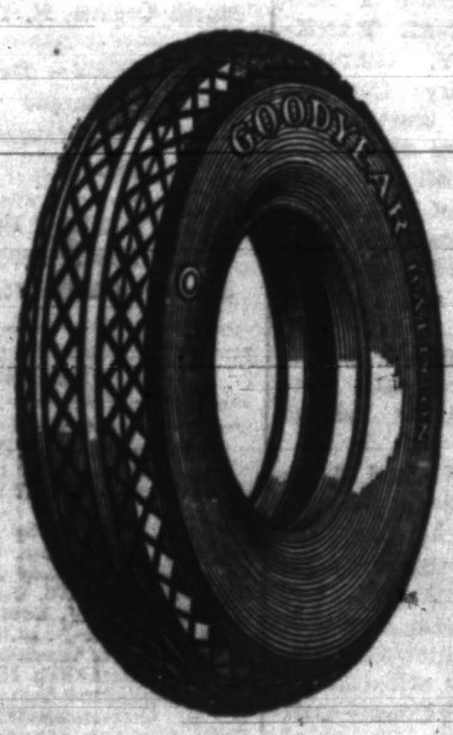
Hand Bags—$3.95 each

Box Stationery 95c Box

No C. O. D. — No Approvals — No Exchanges

Phone 1144 Lighthouse at 16th, Pacific Grove

We Do All the Work!



You won't need to write a letter, get a money order, wait several days, pay express or parcel post charges—and then PUT THEM ON YOURSELF when you buy tires here at home from us.

We put 'em on—inflate 'em to correct pressures—inspect them regularly—and we are at your call 365 days in the year for SERVICE.

All this with Goodyear Tires at prices as low or lower than you are asked to pay for ordinary tires.

Carmel Garage